



DEC.  
NO. 178  
10c

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



# Detective COMICS

**SENSATIONAL!**  
**"THE  
DEFEAT of  
BATMAN!"**

THE STORY OF AN  
INCREDIBLE  
UNDERWORLD ARMY  
THAT DECLARED  
WAR ON THE  
DYNAMIC DUO!

DON'T SHOOT!  
WE SURRENDER!



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Unlock the  
forbidding  
portals of the

## HOUSE of MYSTERY

and  
learn the  
secrets  
of the

**WEIRD  
SUPERNATURAL  
and UNCANNY!**



*Featuring*  
**WANDA WAS A  
WEREWOLF  
I FELL IN LOVE  
WITH A WITCH  
MAN--OR  
MONSTER?  
THE CURSE OF  
SEABURY MANOR**

*On sale at  
YOUR FAVORITE  
NEWSSTAND!*

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# BATMAN

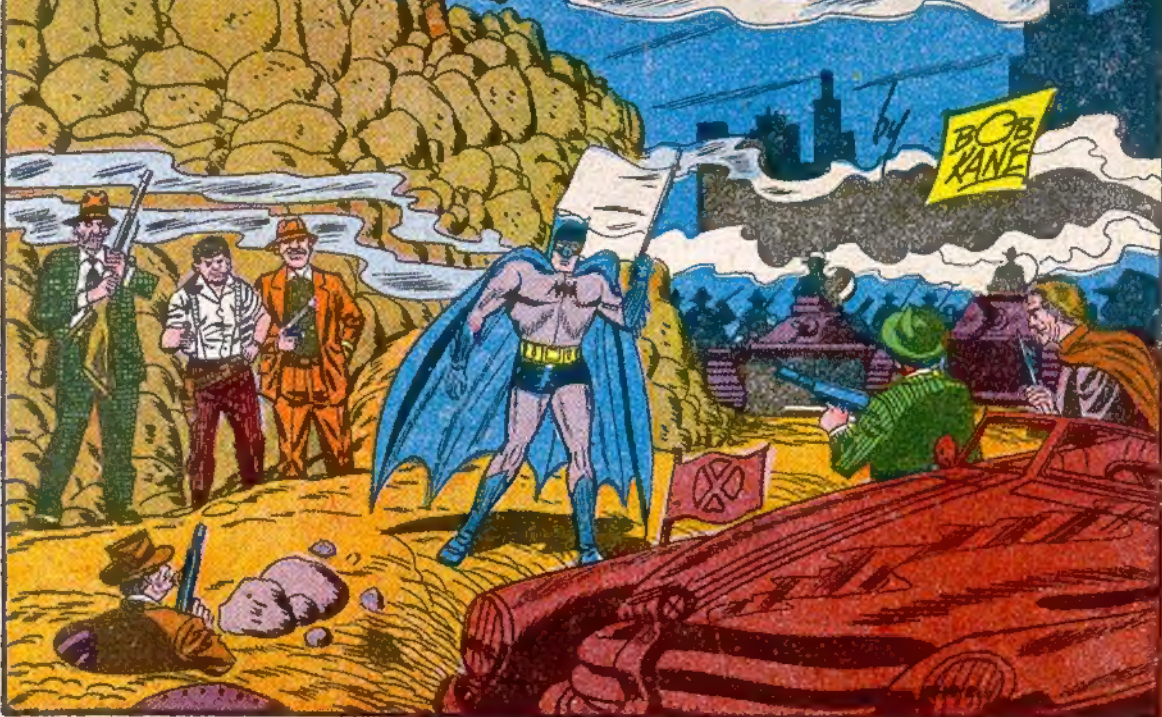
WITH  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER



IMAGINE AN ARMY, TRAINED TO IRON DISCIPLINE, EQUIPPED WITH POWERFUL WEAPONS, SCHOoled IN THE ART OF MODERN WAR AND WITH BUT ONE ORDER-- **CONQUER BATMAN!** CAN THE **CAPED LAWMAN** WITHSTAND THE CONCENTRATED BARRAGE OF SUCH A FEARSOME STRIKING FORCE? HERE IS AN AMAZING ACCOUNT OF **TOTAL WAR** IN WHICH ONLY ONE SIDE CAN EMERGE VICTORIOUS! WILL THE UNDERWORLD TROOPS BE ROUTED OR WILL WE WITNESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY...

OH, NO!  
I NEVER  
THOUGHT I'D  
SEE THIS!  
**BATMAN HAS  
SURRENDERED!**

## "The Defeat of BATMAN!"





NIGHT IN GOTHAM CITY, AND A MAMMOTH SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE ECHOES TO THE SOUND OF MARCHING FEET...

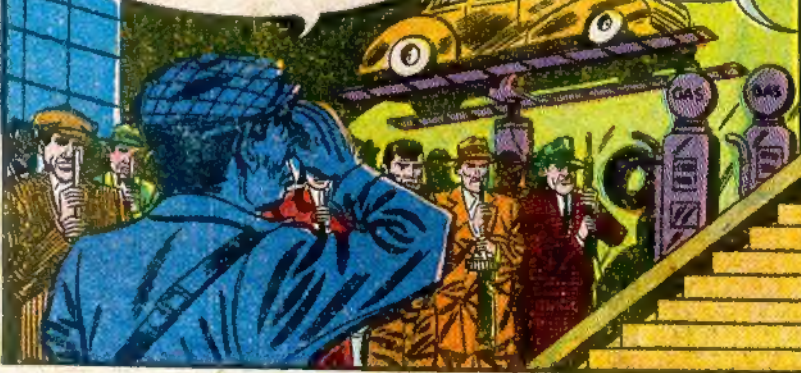


BUT THIS IS NOT A CONTINGENT OF THE ARMED FORCES...

THIS IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST MILITARY SQUADS OF ALL TIME...

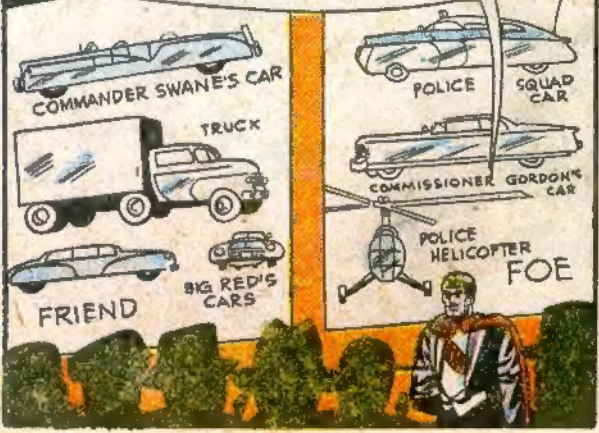


TEN-SHUN! PRESENT H-ARMS! ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, COMMANDER SWANE!



ALL RIGHT, LIPPY! AT EASE, MEN!

MEN! TONIGHT WE GO INTO ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME AS A UNIT! AFTER YOUR INTENSIVE TRAINING COURSE, I'M CONFIDENT YOU'LL DO YOURSELVES PROUD--AND SMASH THE ENEMY!



WE'RE GOING AFTER THE RANDOLPH STREET WAREHOUSE BECAUSE WE NEED CASH! IT TAKES MONEY TO RUN AN ARMY! BUT REMEMBER OUR **REAL OBJECTIVE--BATMAN!** HE IS THE **ENEMY** WHO MUST BE CONQUERED!



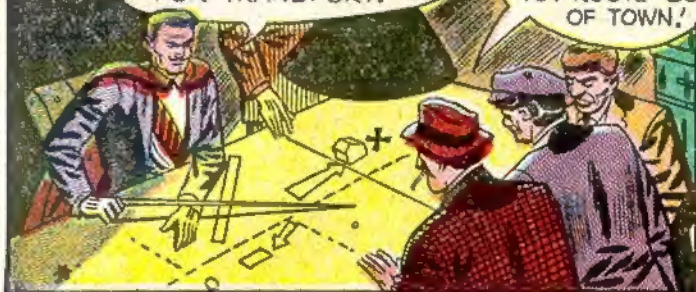


MINUTES LATER, COMMANDER BARTON SWANE DISCUSSES OTHER ARMY-LIKE TACTICS AT HIS UNIQUE CRIMINAL COMMAND POST...

MEN, HERE'S A LAST-MINUTE BRIEFING BEFORE WE GO INTO ACTION! BIG RED! YOU'RE SETTING UP ROAD BLOCKS BETWEEN THE WAREHOUSE AND POLICE HEADQUARTERS! RIGHT? PARKER'S RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSPORT.

ALL SET, SIR! AFTER LOADING THE TRUCKS WITH THE LOOT, WE FOLLOW THE PLANNED CONVOY ROUTE OUT OF TOWN!

RIGHT, PARKER! BUT PLEASE--THE MILITARY TERM IS **BOOTY**, NOT LOOT! AH, A MESSAGE FROM G2! OUR SPY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT ME A REPORT ON HOW THE COPS--I MEAN, THE ENEMY TROOPS--ARE LINED UP TONIGHT! PERHAPS THEY'LL BE JOINED BY **BATMAN**!



FOR YEARS, **BATMAN** HAS WON OVER THE UNDERWORLD! BUT HE'S NEVER FACED AN **UNDERWORLD ARMY**! AN ARMY, COMMANDED BY **BARTON SWANE**! AFTER HE IS DEFEATED, MY NAME WILL RANK WITH THE GREAT MILITARY MEN OF HISTORY! PERHAPS EVEN WITH THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL--**NAPOLEON**!

ABOUT TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE SUBURBAN HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

IT'S GETTING LATE, DICK! WE SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A QUIET NIGHT AND GET SOME SLEEP!

YOU SPOKE TOO SOON, BRUCE! THERE'S THE **BAT-SIGNAL**! NO REST YET FOR **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!



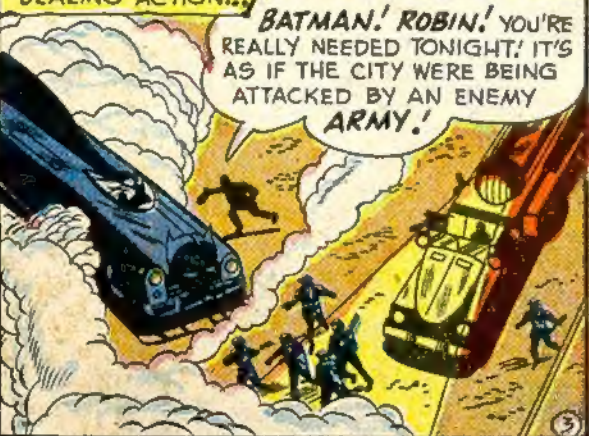
TAKING A SECRET STAIRWAY WHICH LEADS FROM THEIR LUXURIOUS HOME TO THE FAMED **BAT-CAVE**, THE TWO MAKE A SWIFT CHANGE...

THE POLICE FLOOD-LIGHT TRUCK'S BEEN EQUIPPED WITH A **BAT-SIGNAL**, **BATMAN**! THAT'S WHERE THE BEAM THAT SUMMONED US CAME FROM!

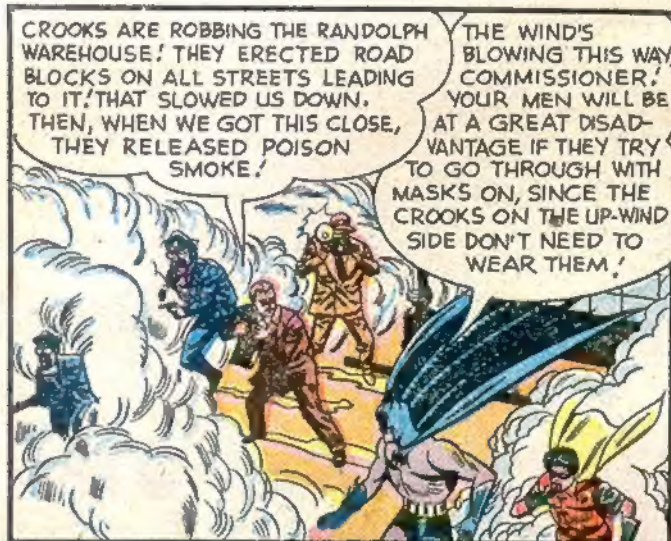
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING BIG, **ROBIN**. WE'LL GET TO THE SOURCE BY FOLLOWING THEIR SECRET RADIO SIGNAL ON THE **BATMOBILE'S** RECEIVER!

SOON, THROUGH THE CITY NIGHT, THE SLEEK **BATMOBILE** STREAKS TOWARD AN UNSEEN OBJECTIVE, FINALLY TO STOP AT A SCENE OF BLAZING ACTION...

**BATMAN! ROBIN!** YOU'RE REALLY NEEDED TONIGHT! IT'S AS IF THE CITY WERE BEING ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY **ARMY**!







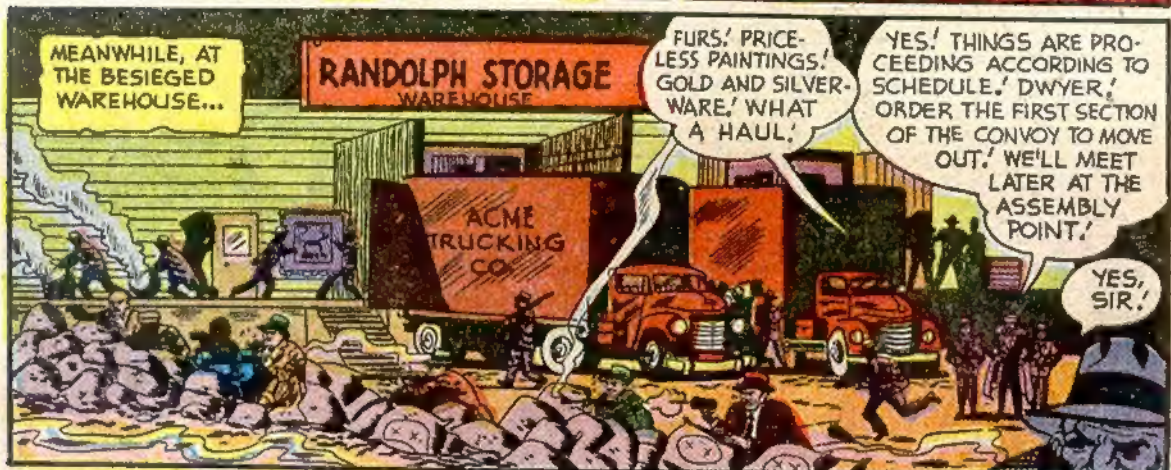
CROOKS ARE ROBBING THE RANDOLPH WAREHOUSE! THEY ERECTED ROAD BLOCKS ON ALL STREETS LEADING TO IT! THAT SLOWED US DOWN. THEN, WHEN WE GOT THIS CLOSE, THEY RELEASED POISON SMOKE!

THE WIND'S BLOWING THIS WAY, COMMISSIONER! YOUR MEN WILL BE AT A GREAT DISADVANTAGE IF THEY TRY TO GO THROUGH WITH MASKS ON, SINCE THE CROOKS ON THE UP-WIND SIDE DON'T NEED TO WEAR THEM!



THAT'S RIGHT, **BATMAN!** AND BY THE TIME WE GO ALL THE WAY AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, THE CROOKS WILL HAVE MADE THEIR GETAWAY WITH THE LOOT!

HMM... WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BESIEGED WAREHOUSE...

**RANDOLPH STORAGE WAREHOUSE**

FURS! PRICELESS PAINTINGS! GOLD AND SILVERWARE! WHAT A HAUL!

YES! THINGS ARE PROCEEDING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE! DWYER! ORDER THE FIRST SECTION OF THE CONVOY TO MOVE OUT! WE'LL MEET LATER AT THE ASSEMBLY POINT!

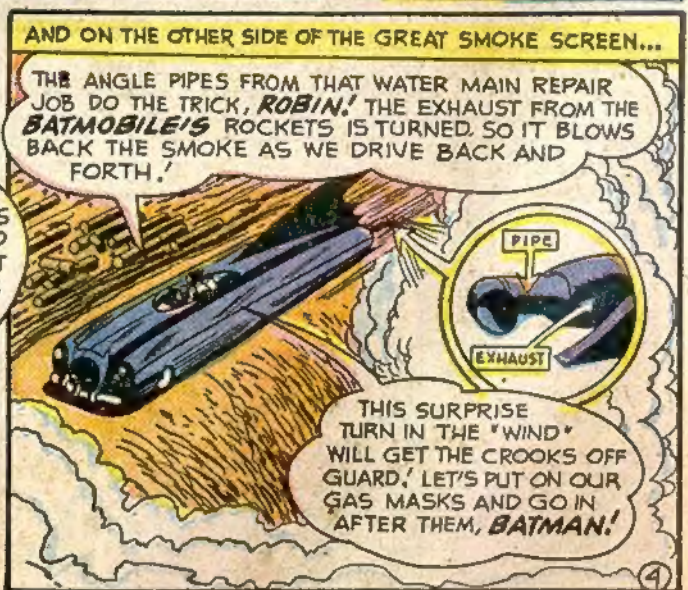
YES, SIR!



BUT ABRUPTLY, THE SMOOTH-FUNCTIONING OPERATION IS THROWN INTO CONFUSION...

STOP! DON'T... (COUGH)... RETREAT! WE CAN... (COUGH)... HOLD THEM, MEN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT... (COUGH)... CAN HAVE HAPPENED! MY WEATHER CHARTS SHOWED A STEADY WIND FROM THE EAST! BUT NOW... (CHOKES)... IT'S CHANGED! THE POISON SMOKE IS COMING BACK AT US!



AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GREAT SMOKE SCREEN...

THE ANGLE PIPES FROM THAT WATER MAIN REPAIR JOB DO THE TRICK, **ROBIN!** THE EXHAUST FROM THE **BATMOBILE'S** ROCKETS IS TURNED SO IT BLOWS BACK THE SMOKE AS WE DRIVE BACK AND FORTH!



THIS SURPRISE TURN IN THE "WIND" WILL GET THE CROOKS OFF GUARD! LET'S PUT ON OUR GAS MASKS AND GO IN AFTER THEM, **BATMAN!**



SECONDS AFTER, TWO AWESOME FIGURES MOVE LIKE GHOSTS OUT OF THE MIST AND POUNCE UPON THE STARTLED CRIMINAL BRIGADE...

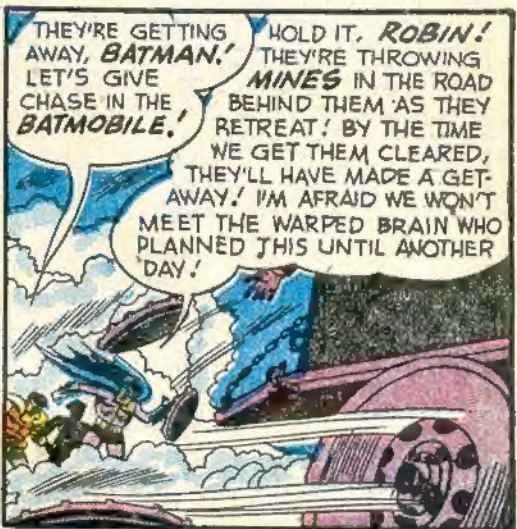


**BATMAN!**  
**OHhh!**

HERE'S THE CALLING CARD I SAVE FOR CROOKS!

HMM...THE STRATEGY NOW IS TO RETREAT AND SAVE MY TROOPS FOR ANOTHER BATTLE!

INTO THE TRUCKS, MEN!



THEY'RE GETTING AWAY, **BATMAN!** LET'S GIVE CHASE IN THE **BATMOBILE!**

HOLD IT, **ROBIN!** THEY'RE THROWING **MINES** IN THE ROAD BEHIND THEM AS THEY RETREAT! BY THE TIME WE GET THEM CLEARED, THEY'LL HAVE MADE A GET-AWAY! I'M AFRAID WE WON'T MEET THE WARPED BRAIN WHO PLANNED THIS UNTIL ANOTHER DAY!

NEXT DAY, AT THE "HEADQUARTERS" OF COMMANDER BARTON SWANE...



YOU MAY HAVE WONDERED WHY WE DID NOT BATTLE OUR ENEMY, **BATMAN**, WHEN HE ATTACKED US LAST NIGHT. HA! THAT IS WHAT A **RAW RECRUIT** WOULD HAVE DONE! BUT THE **EXPERIENCED** MILITARY COMMANDER DOES NOT COMMIT FRESH TROOPS TO A MAJOR ENGAGEMENT!

MEN, LAST NIGHT WAS YOUR **BAPTISM BY FIRE!** YOU ARE NOW **BATTLE-TESTED TROOPS!** FROM NOW ON, OUR ARMY FIGHTS **BATMAN** ON LAND, ON SEA AND IN THE AIR!



SHORTLY AFTER...



MY YEARS OF STUDY OF ALL THE GREAT MILITARY COMMANDERS ARE PAYING OFF! WHAT A CAMPAIGN I HAVE PLANNED AGAINST **BATMAN!** DWYER! ORDER OUR SPY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS TO REPORT ON EVERY MOVE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** MAKE!

I'LL CONTACT HIM AT ONCE, SWANE! ER... I MEAN, **SIR!**

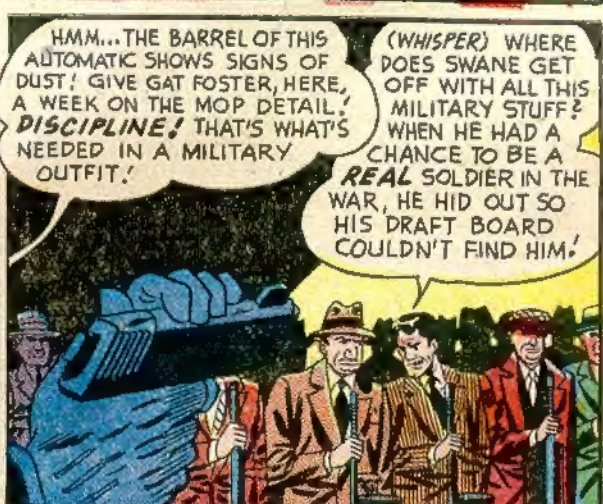
AND LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, PLANS ARE ALSO BEING MADE...



FROM THE WAY THAT WAREHOUSE RAID WAS WORKED OUT, COMMISSIONER GORDON, WE KNOW WE'RE UP AGAINST A DANGEROUS GANG! THE JOB WAS PLANNED WITH **MILITARY PRECISION!**

AND WE KNOW THE GANG IS SOMEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY BECAUSE EVERY ROAD LEAVING TOWN WAS COVERED AFTER THE ALARM LAST NIGHT!









LIKE ACTORS IN A WELL-REHEARSED PLAY, GOTHAM'S LAWMEN MOVE TO PRE-ARRANGED POSITIONS. AND AT THE NERVE CENTER OF THIS MAMMOTH OPERATION...

THE CITY'S BEEN DIVIDED INTO 6 ZONES, AS YOU SUGGESTED, **BATMAN!** THE CROOKS HAVE ATTACKED THE GOTHAM BANK--THAT'S IN ZONE THREE.



AND AT THIS MOMENT, BARTON SWANE IS GIVING ORDERS FROM HIS TEMPORARY COMMAND POST ATOP THE GOTHAM BANK BUILDING...

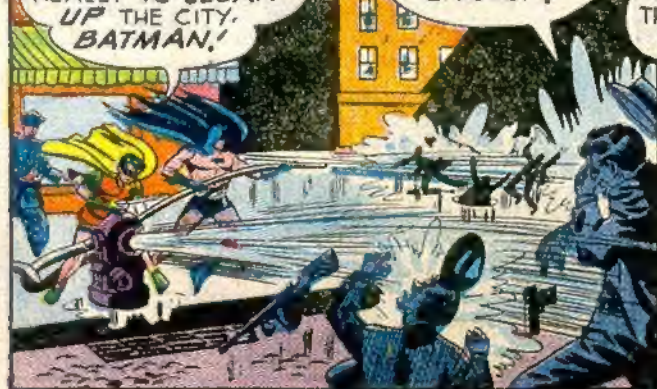
ACCORDING TO OUR SPY, THE PLAN CALLS FOR THEM TO MOVE IN ON US JUST ABOUT NOW! GIVE THE ORDER FOR OUR OUTER DEFENSES TO OPEN FIRE, BLAKE! AH! THIS WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS **THE BATTLE OF GOTHAM BANK!**



BUT WITHIN SECONDS, THE STACCATO BURSTS OF SOUND ARE SILENCED AS THE **DARING DUO** WHIRLS INTO ACTION...

HERE'S OUR CHANCE REALLY TO **CLEAN UP** THE CITY, **BATMAN!**

DON'T SHOOT! WE... (GLUB)... GIVE UP!



WHEN I SENT THE ALARM THAT THEY'D STRUCK IN ZONE 3, THE ENTIRE AREA WAS SURROUNDED--EVERY MAN KNEW HIS SPOT!

HOW ABOUT A SHOT OF YOU TWO LOOKING AT THE PLAN, **BATMAN** AND COMMISSIONER GORDON?

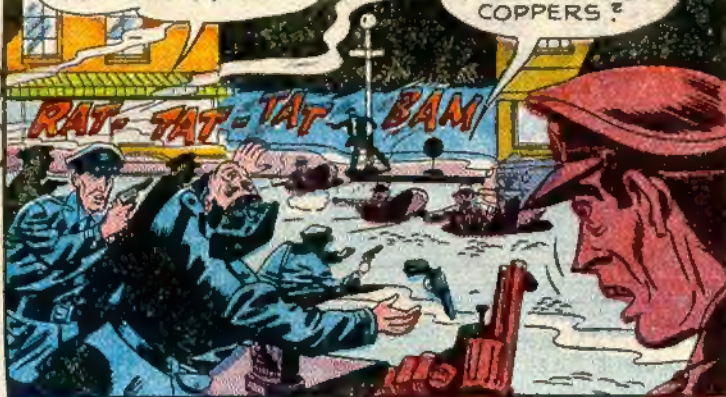
ALL RIGHT WITH ME, WILCOX! BUT MAKE IT FAST--WE'RE READY TO MOVE IN ON THEM!



AND AT A SIGNAL FROM THE CRIMINAL COMMANDER, THE CITY STREETS SUDDENLY ECHO TO THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE...

THEY'RE COMIN' UP OUT OF THE STREET! TAKE COVER, MEN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR **FOXHOLES**, COPPERS?



AND AS WORD OF THIS DEFEAT REACHES THE "COMMANDER"...

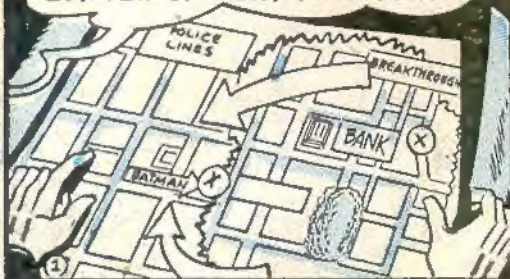
THOSE BUMS WE HAD PLANTED IN THE MANHOLES ... I MEAN THE TROOPS IN THE FRONT-LINE FOXHOLES! THEY'RE BEIN' FLOODED OUT!

CALM YOURSELF, DWYER! LIKE ALL GREAT GENERALS, I HAVE COUNTED ON LOSSES! I **EXPECTED** THIS TO HAPPEN-- **THOSE MEN WERE EXPENDABLE!** NOW FOR MY NEXT MOVE!





HERE WE ARE! FROM OUR INTELLIGENCE AGENT I KNOW THE POSITION OF **BAT-MAN**! HE WILL BE CAUGHT IN A **PINCERS MOVEMENT**! HA! CRECY, WATERLOO, GETTYSBURG! THEY WILL SOON BE JOINED IN MILITARY HISTORY BY THE **BATTLE OF GOTHAM BANK!**



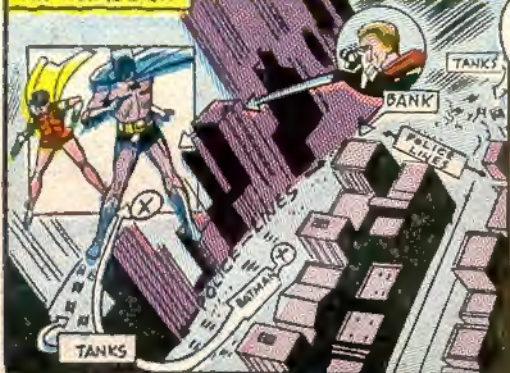
AND SO, ON AN ORDER FROM SWANE, THE SAME STRANGE SCENE IS PRESENTLY ENACTED ON SEVERAL NEARBY SIDE STREETS...

I JUST GOT THE ORDER FROM THE OLD MAN! LET 'ER ROLL!

PRETTY CLEVER OF SWANE-- THESE OLD TANKS WERE STOLEN FROM WAR MONUMENTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND RE-FITTED IN OUR OWN SHOPS!



MOMENTS LATER, THE STREETS OF GOTHAM ARE LIKE THOSE OF A CITY FALLEN BEFORE AN INVADER...



AND AS THE ADVANCING DUO ENTERS GOTHAM SQUARE...

**BATMAN!** THESE TANKS! THEY MUST HAVE BROKEN THROUGH THE POLICE LINES ON EITHER SIDE OF US WHILE WE WERE COMING DOWN THE SIDE STREET! WE'RE SURROUNDED!

A MASTER PLAN EXECUTED TO PERFECTION! THIS WILL PLACE ME, BARTON SWANE, AMONG THE MILITARY GENIUSES! **FORWARD, MEN!**



HEY! LET ME OUT OF HERE! THIS IS TOO MUCH LIKE A REAL WAR!

MAKE A RUN FOR IT WHILE I KEEP THEM OCCUPIED, **ROBIN!** DON'T HESITATE! THAT'S AN ORDER, BOY!



BUT THE EMBATTLED **BATMAN** DOES NOT GIVE UP EASILY! IN AN INSTANT, HE AND **ROBIN** HAVE GAINED THE TOP OF THE GOTHAM WAR MEMORIAL...

QUICK, **ROBIN!** GIVE ME A HAND! WE MAY STAVE THEM OFF YET!



HMM... THIS CALLS FOR ANOTHER BRILLIANT MOVE! NOW TO CALL OUT MY **AIR FORCE!**





THE TANKS RETREAT BEFORE **BATMAN'S** CANNONBALL BARRAGE! AND PRESENTLY...

**BATMAN, THIS IS COMMANDER SWANE! THAT PLANE! IF YOU DO NOT SURRENDER, IT WILL DROP BOMBS OVER THIS WHOLE AREA!**



LUCKY **ROBIN** GOT AWAY WHILE I WAS KNOCKING OUT THOSE TANKS! BUT IF THAT PLANE DROPS BOMBS, HOMES WILL BE DESTROYED AND INNOCENT PERSONS KILLED! I MUST DO AS HE DEMANDS!

THEN, A SCENE NEVER BEFORE WITNESSED BY ANY MAN...

GOSH! **BATMAN'S** SHOWIN' A WHITE FLAG! HE'S SURRENDERING!

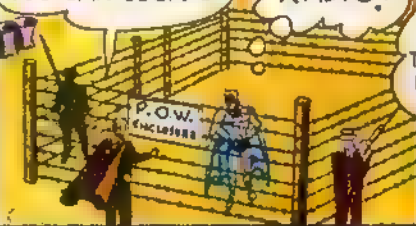
THIS IS THE HIGH POINT OF MY MILITARY CAREER!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE HUGE UNDERGROUND GARAGE HEADQUARTERS...

AT LAST, **BATMAN**, YOU ARE MY PRISONER OF WAR! YOU WILL BE KEPT UNDER 24-HOUR GUARD IN THIS ENCLOSURE! THERE IS NO WAY! YOU CAN ESCAPE.

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, SWANE! ESPECIALLY AFTER I SEND **ROBIN** A CALL BY **BELT RADIO!**



MINUTES LATER...

VERY CLEVER, **BATMAN!** SENDING A MESSAGE TO **ROBIN!** HE WAS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHEN IT CAME IN-- TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT WE HAVE A SPY THERE WHO REPORTS EVERY MOVE! FOR THAT LITTLE TRICK YOU WILL BE EXECUTED BY THE **FIRING SQUAD!** TIE HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK AND TAKE HIM AWAY, MEN!



BUT AS THE COLD STEEL OF A BAYONET JAMS INTO HIS BACK, **BATMAN** MAKES A SUDDEN MOVE AND...

UMPH! THANKS FOR CUTTING MY BONDS! IN FACT, IT'S BEEN SO USEFUL, I THINK I'LL BORROW YOUR BAYONET AGAIN!



WITH SURPRISE AS HIS ALLY, THE AGILE **CRIME-CRUSHER** WRESTS THE BAYONET FROM THE STUNNED GUARD! THEN...

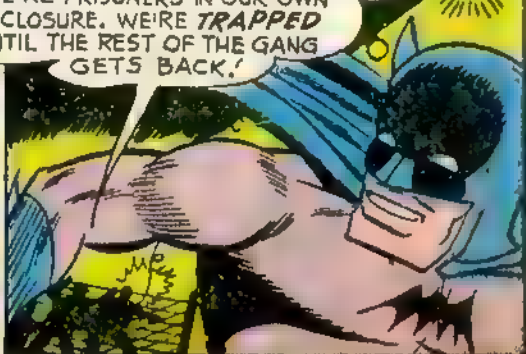
HMM... NOT A BAD AIM CONSIDERING THAT I HAVEN'T PRACTICED ANY KNIFE-THROWING LATELY!

STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS! MY PRISONER-- HE MUSTN'T ESCAPE!



BUT AS THE ENRAGED MEMBERS OF THE CRIMINAL ARMY RACE AFTER THEIR "PRISONER OF WAR"...

THE CABLE FROM THE CEILING HIT THE ENCLOSURE! IT'S SENDING 10,000 VOLTS THROUGH THE BARBED WIRE. WE'RE PRISONERS IN OUR OWN ENCLOSURE. WE'RE TRAPPED UNTIL THE REST OF THE GANG GETS BACK!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



SOMETIME LATER, AS THE REUNITED DUO SOARS ABOVE THE CITY IN THE BAT-PLANE...

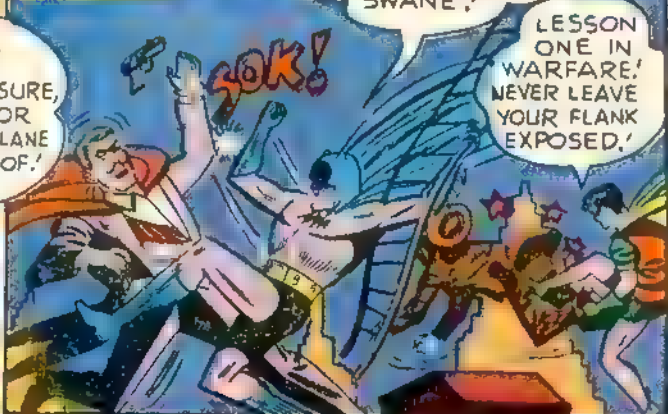
SWIFTLY, THE POWERFUL PAIR SWINGS INTO ACTION...

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF MY HEAVY ARTILLERY, SWANE!

LESSON ONE IN WARFARE! NEVER LEAVE YOUR FLANK EXPOSED!

THE POLICE HAVE THE GARAGE SURROUNDED! THOSE CROOKS HAVEN'T A CHANCE NOW!

LOOK, BATMAN! SWANE MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THE ENCLOSURE, AND HE'S TRYING FOR A GETAWAY IN THE PLANE PARKED ON THE ROOF!



AND LATER, IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

WITH SWANE AND HIS GANG IN JAIL, WE STILL MUST FIND THE SPY! THESE ARE THE ONLY PERSONS WHO WERE IN YOUR OFFICE WHEN ROBIN RECEIVED MY BELT RADIO MESSAGE-- RIGHT, COMMISSIONER?

RIGHT, BATMAN! AND NONE OF THEM LEFT THE OFFICE FOR SOME TIME AFTER! WHOEVER THE SPY WAS MUST HAVE CONTACTED SWANE RIGHT FROM HERE! BUT HOW? THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHED AND NOBODY HAS A SECRET RADIO!

THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE SENT A MESSAGE WAS WILCOX, HERE! ROBIN SAID HE STOOD BY THE WINDOW! IT'S OBVIOUS HE TURNED HIS FLASHLIGHT REFLECTOR IN THE SUN'S RAYS AND FLASHED A SIGNAL TO A WATCHER ON THE ROOF OF SWANE'S GARAGE!

BE GLAD WE DON'T PLAY "WAR" SWANE'S STYLE, WILCOX! IF WE DID, YOU'D BE SHOT AT DAWN AS A SPY! INSTEAD, YOU'LL GET A PRISON TERM!

ALL RIGHT, BATMAN! YOU WIN!



ADVERTISEMENT


**CHARLIE WILD**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

EVEN WHEN I NAIL A KILLER MY HAIR LOOKS GOOD BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!







# PETE the FLASH

## SCORES FOR Captain Tootsie

By BILL SCHREIBER

IT'S THE BIG GAME BETWEEN THE TOOTSIE TOWNERS AND THE TIGERS. 3 PER ODS HAVE GONE AND NEITHER SIDE HAS BEEN ABLE TO SCORE - TIME'S OUT NOW IN THE FINAL PERIOD AND CAPTAIN TOOTSIE CALLS THE TEAM OVER FOR A QUICK CONFERENCE...

NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! 8-2-2-2 8-2-2-2 8-2-2-2-2-2 REMEMBER NOW, LEIGH TO GO TO ROLLO TO PETE DON'T SLIP!



EVERYBODY TAKE A TASTY TOOTSIE ROLL FOR EXTRA ENERGY! DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU, BOYS!

WE WON'T FAIL YOU, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

TOOTSIE TOWNERS BALL. PETE IS WAY OUT AT LEFT END, THE BACKFIELD IS IN ONE STRAIGHT LINE, LEFT TO RIGHT, AS THE BALL IS SNAPPED TO LEIGH, THE QUARTERBACK

WATCH IT, JOE!

GET HIM!

LEIGH QUICKLY LATERALS TO JOE.

GOT IT, LEIGH!

JOE THROWS TO ROLLO, DRAWING THE TIGERS TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE TOOTSIE LINE. ROLLO NOW THROWS A BULLET PASS TO PETE, WHO BY THIS TIME IS ALL BY HIMSELF ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE FIELD!

PERFECT PASS!

RUN PETE, RUN!

YIPPEE! TOUCHDOWN!

22 YARDS FOR A TOUCHDOWN!

HURRAY!

ROLLO CONVERTS FOR THE EXTRA POINT AND THE TOOTSIE-TOWNERS WIN 7-0

WELL DONE, BOYS! YOU EXECUTED THAT PLAY PERFECTLY! LET'S CELEBRATE TOOTSIE ROLLS FOR EVERYBODY!

HURRAY, TOOTSIE ROLLS!

YUMMY!

YIPPEE!

DELICIOUS! CHOCOLATY FLAVOR!

ONLY 2¢

TOOTSIE 2¢ Roll

BIG POPS 2¢

CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON, LIME, CHERRY

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

## BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

You can get this lovely smooth-writing **FREE!**

### BALLPOINT PEN

for only 10 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 10 TOOTSIE POP wrappers.

### WHAT A VALUE

Five inches long colorful plastic ballpoint writing tip keeps it from locking or clogging. No wonder it writes longer than most a dollar pen!

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Get yours while they last. Mail coupon now - send 10 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 10 TOOTSIE POP wrappers

**HURRY! HURRY!**

TOOTSIE ROLLS, Box "P" Uptown Station, Hoboken, New Jersey

I'm enclosing 10 wrappers. Please send me a smooth writing BALL POINT PEN.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

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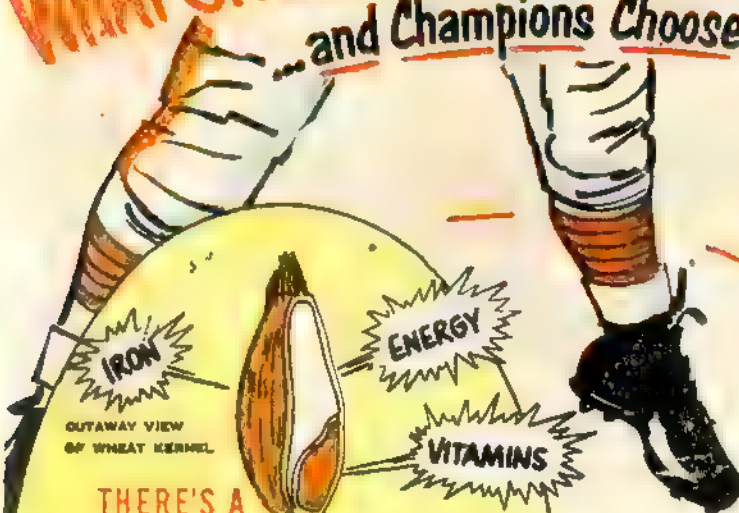
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**OTTO GRAHAM**

Star Quarterback—World Champion Cleveland Browns



**WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU**  
*...and Champions Choose Wheaties!*



**THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT  
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

In sports—in school—in plain everyday living you need hard-driving energy to spark you at whatever you do. Get Wheaties on your side like the champions do!

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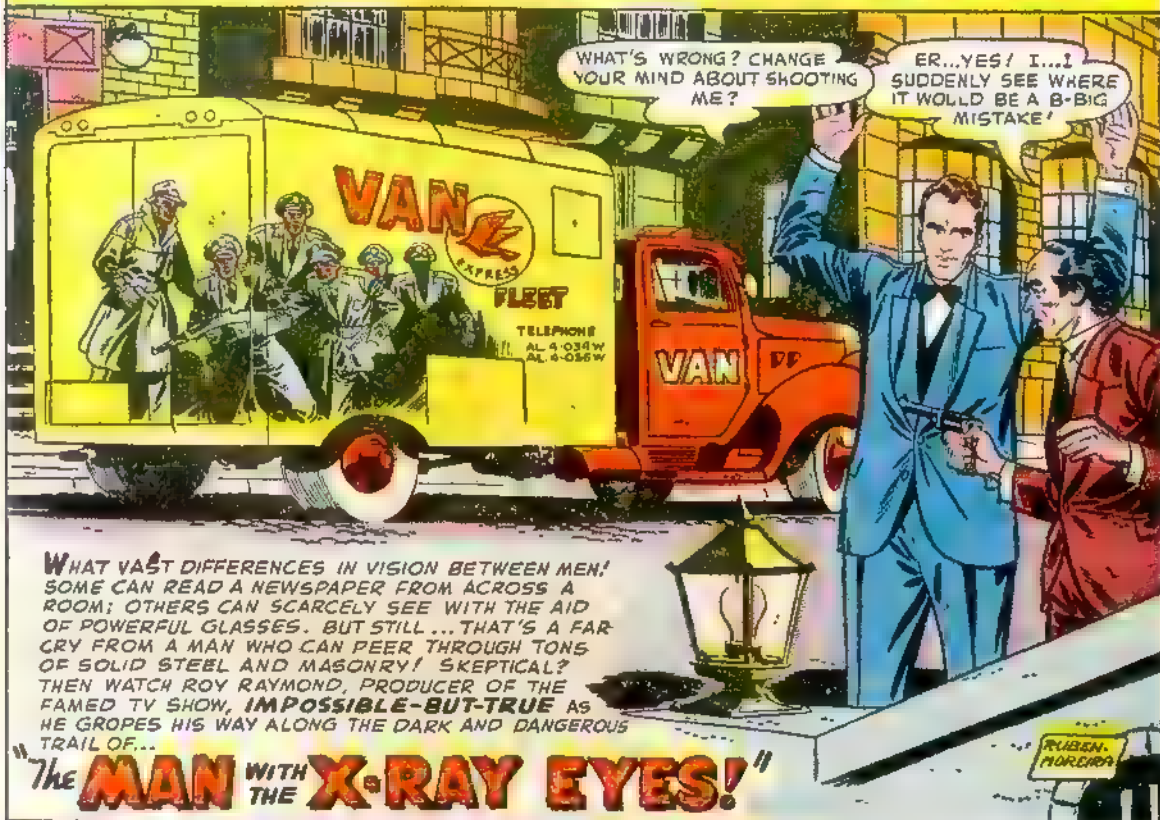
THAT MAKES WHEATIES  
TOPS IN THE ENERGY  
DEPARTMENT!



**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**



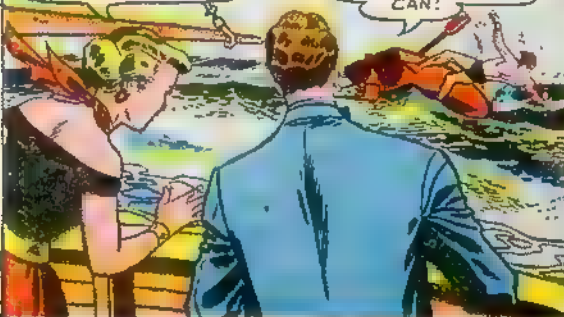
# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE



ONE MORNING AT THE SEASHORE, AS ROY RAYMOND TESTS AN APPLICANT DESIROUS OF APPEARING ON HIS FAMED TELEVISION SHOW...**IMPOSSIBLE-BUT-TRUE**...

LOOK, ROY... THE ROUGH WAVES SWAMPED HIS BOAT BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO STEP OUT ONTO THE WATER.

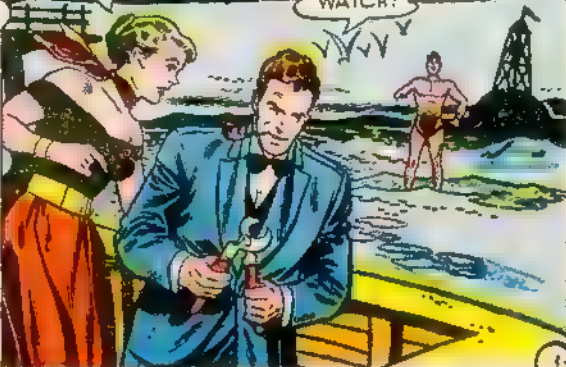
WELL...THIS CHARACTER CLAIMS HE CAN **WALK ON WATER!** SO LET'S SEE IF HE REALLY CAN!



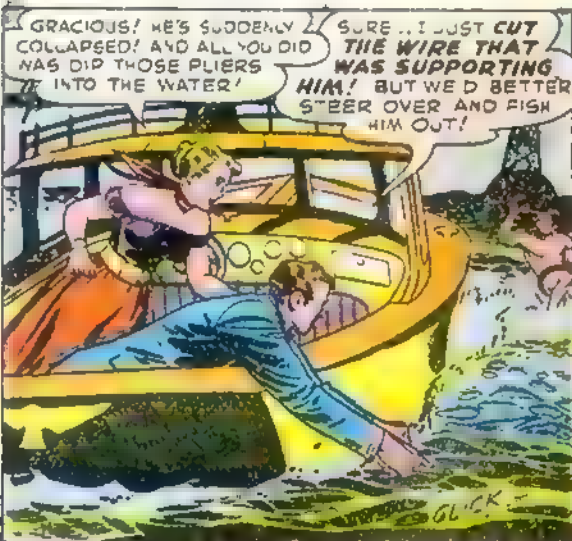
SECONDS LATER...

LOOK ROY... HE...HE IS WALKING ON WATER! HE'S REALLY DOING IT!

YES...JUST LIKE MAGIC! BUT I'VE GOT A MUCH STRONGER MAGIC IN THIS LITTLE GADGET! WATCH!





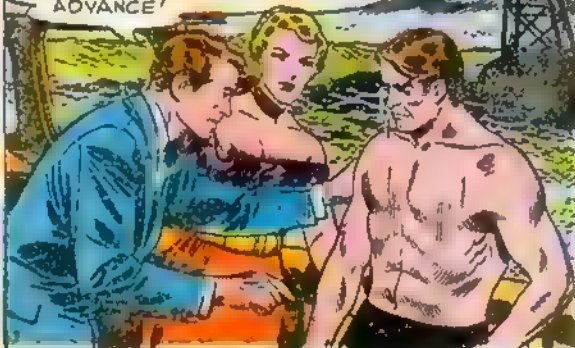


SURE... I JUST CUT THE WIRE THAT WAS SUPPORTING HIM! BUT WE'D BETTER STEER OVER AND FISH HIM OUT!

A MOMENT LATER...

IT TOOK A PRETTY GOOD TIGHT-ROPE WALKER TO PERFORM THAT TRICK, BUT WHEN YOU INSISTED ON MY TESTING YOU AT THIS SPECIAL SPOT, IT WASN'T HARD TO GUESS YOU'D STRUNG A WIRE ALONG HERE IN ADVANCE!

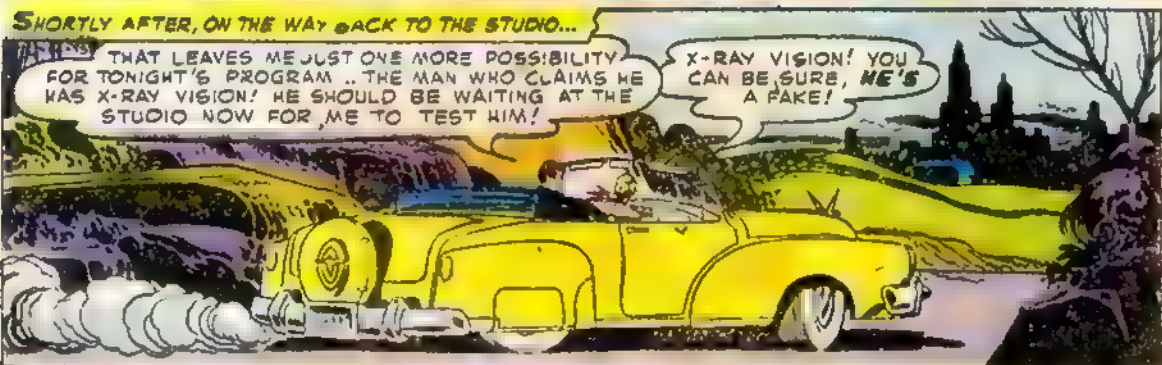
MR. RAYMOND... I UNDERESTIMATED YOUR CLEVERNESS!



SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE WAY BACK TO THE STUDIO...

THAT LEAVES ME JUST ONE MORE POSSIBILITY FOR TONIGHT'S PROGRAM... THE MAN WHO CLAIMS HE HAS X-RAY VISION! HE SHOULD BE WAITING AT THE STUDIO NOW FOR ME TO TEST HIM!

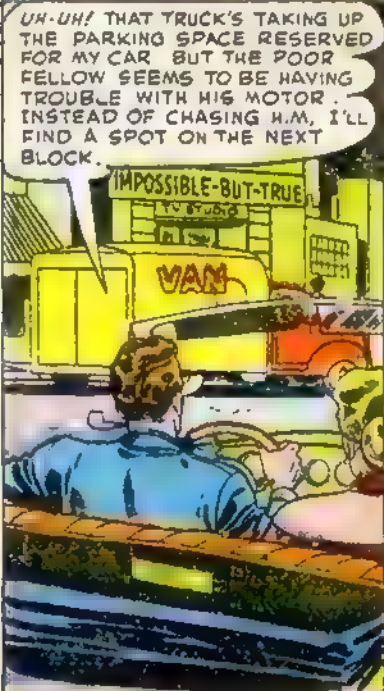
X-RAY VISION! YOU CAN BE SURE, HE'S A FAKE!



UH-UH! THAT TRUCK'S TAKING UP THE PARKING SPACE RESERVED FOR MY CAR, BUT THE POOR FELLOW SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS MOTOR. INSTEAD OF CHASING HIM, I'LL FIND A SPOT ON THE NEXT BLOCK.

IMPOSSIBLE-BUT-TRUE

VAN



PRESENTLY, INSIDE THE STUDIO...

NOW, MR. KLIFF... IF YOU REALLY HAVE X-RAY VISION, SUPPOSE YOU FOCUS YOUR EYES ON THAT CRATE AND TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU SEE IN IT!

THE MAN IN THAT LIMOUSINE OUTSIDE... AWFULLY SINISTER LOOKING! AND SEEMS TO BE WATCHING THIS STUDIO, TOO. I'LL GO CHECK!



HE COULD EASILY BE A CRIMINAL INTERESTED IN KLIFF'S X-RAY VISION... WHICH COULD BE OF TERRIFIC AID TO THE UNDERWORLD. I'LL SNAP HIS PICTURE SO WE CAN IDENTIFY HIM, IN CASE HE REALLY IS A CRIMINAL...





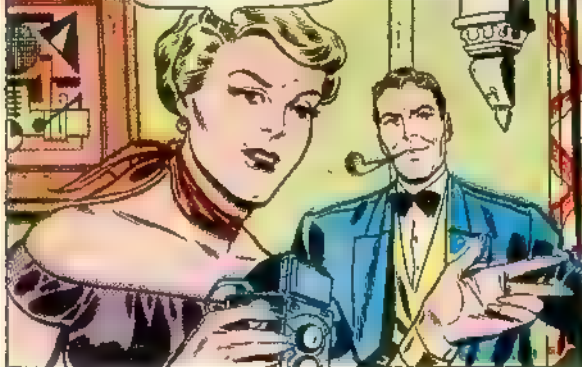
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE STUDIO...

JUST A COUPLE OF MOMENTS MORE TO CONCENTRATE MY X-RAY POWERS, MR. RAYMOND... AH... I HAVE IT NOW. THE CRATE CONTAINS A STEEL SAFE... AND INSIDE THE SAFE I SEE... HM... 1... 2... 3... 9... 25! 25 PENNIES, EXACTLY!

HUH? THAT'S RIGHT! YOU GUESSED... I MEAN... YOU SAW PERFECTLY!



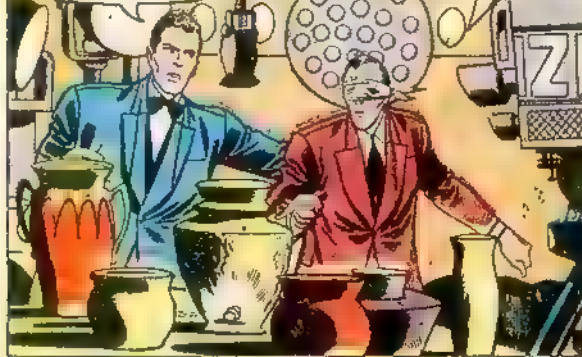
SOME SINISTER-LOOKING CHARACTER IN A CAR WAS PARKED BEHIND THE STUDIO ALL DURING THE TESTS. I SNAPPED HIS PICTURE FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES. AS SOON AS I GET IT DEVELOPED, WE CAN CHECK TO SEE WHETHER HE COULD BE SOMEONE AFTER KLIFF AND...



ONE HOUR LATER, AS THE FAMED IMPOSSIBLE-BUT-TRUE SHOW GOES ON THE AIR, FEATURING ED KLIFF, THE MAN WITH X-RAY VISION!

AND NOW THAT HE'S BLINDFOLDED, LET'S SEE HIM USE HIS X-RAY VISION TO PICK OUT THE VASE IN WHICH THE DIAMOND RING IS HIDDEN!

THAT'S THE ONE WITH THE RING... RIGHT THERE!



LATER THAT EVENING...

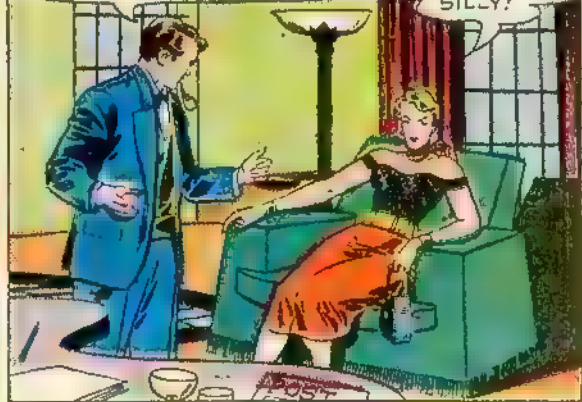
AND KLIFF NOT ONLY SPOTTED THOSE PENNIES WITH HIS X-RAY EYES, BUT PASSED SEVERAL OTHER TESTS AS WELL! SO I'M PUTTING HIM ON THE SHOW TONIGHT. MAYBE I CAN SPOT HIS GIMMICK WHILE WE'RE ON THE A.R. STILL, WITH ALL THE STRANGE THINGS I'VE SEEN, MAYBE HE IS GENUINE!

SPEAKING OF STRANGE THINGS...



WHY, KAREN... THAT WASN'T NECESSARY. THAT MAN WAS KLIFF'S BODYGUARD! KLIFF TOLD ME HE WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES AND HE'D HIRED THE MAN FOR PROTECTION!

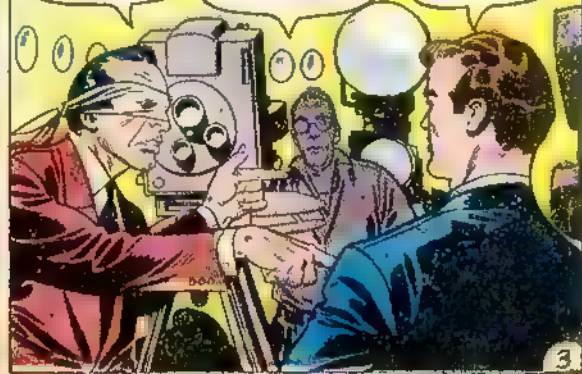
NOW IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL SILLY!



WHAT'S MORE, IN THAT CAMERAMAN'S SHOULDER, I SEE A PIECE OF SHRAPNEL THAT WAS NEVER REMOVED! AND IN MR. RAYMOND'S VEST POCKET IS A SHERIFF'S BADGE!

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S FROM AN OLD WAR WOUND!

HE'S RIGHT, ALL AROUND! I HAVE AN HONORARY SHERIFF'S BADGE ON ME!





SOMETIME AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE PROGRAM...

BY THE WAY, ROY...REMEMBER THE PHOTO I TOOK OF KLIFF'S BODY-GUARD EARLIER TODAY? I HAD IT DEVELOPED. BUT THE WAY IT CAME OUT, IT'S LUCKY IT WASN'T IMPORTANT AFTER ALL!

SAY...YOU TOOK THIS FROM OUTSIDE THE STUDIO, DIDN'T YOU? KAREN... THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD THERE BE ANYTHING?

I'M NOT CERTAIN YET, BUT IT'S MY DUTY TO MAKE SURE! KLIFF HAS SOME EXPLAINING TO DO! COME ON...WE'VE GOT TO GET TO HIS HOME RIGHT AWAY!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THEY APPROACH KLIFF'S RESIDENCE...

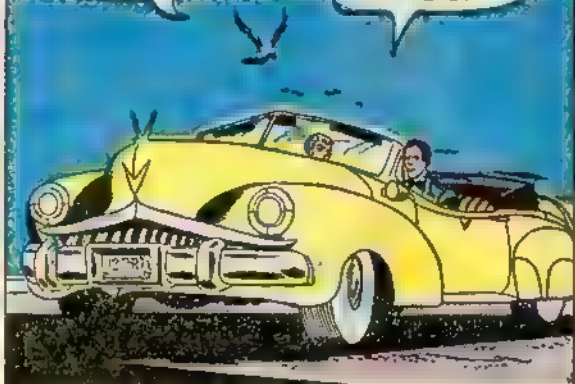
LOOK... THERE GOES KLIFF NOW!

YES... AND LOOK WHOM HE'S WITH! MORT THE MOLE AND LEFTY RINGO.. EX-CONS AND SUSPECTED BIG-TIME GANG LEADERS! IT SURE LOOKS AS IF MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



YOU MEAN...THEY'VE KIDNAPPED HIM AND INTEND TO FORCE HIM TO USE HIS X-RAY VISION FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES?

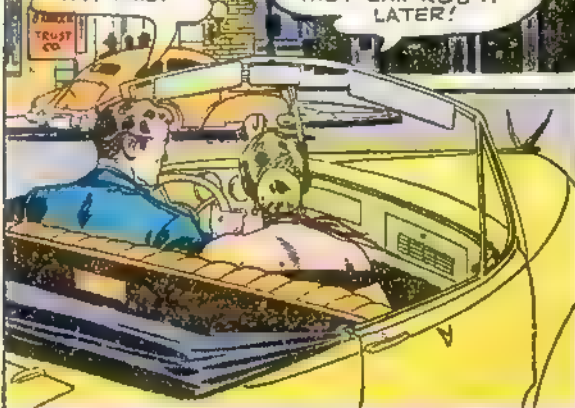
IF IT WERE ONLY THAT, I WOULDN'T WORRY, BUT IT'S WORSE! ANYWAY... WE'LL TRAIL THEM AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



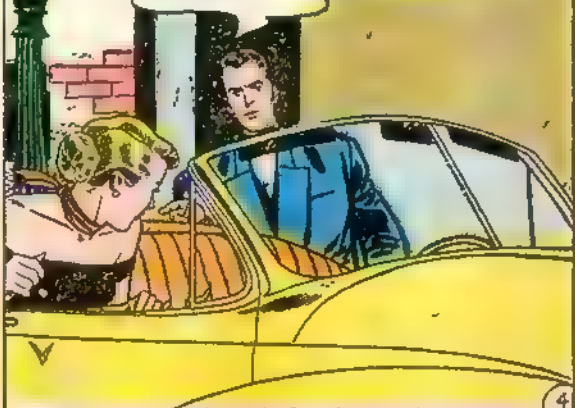
A HALF HOUR LATER...

THEY'RE STOPPING RIGHT OUTSIDE THE BANKERS' TRUST! HM... THEY AREN'T LOSING ANYTIME!

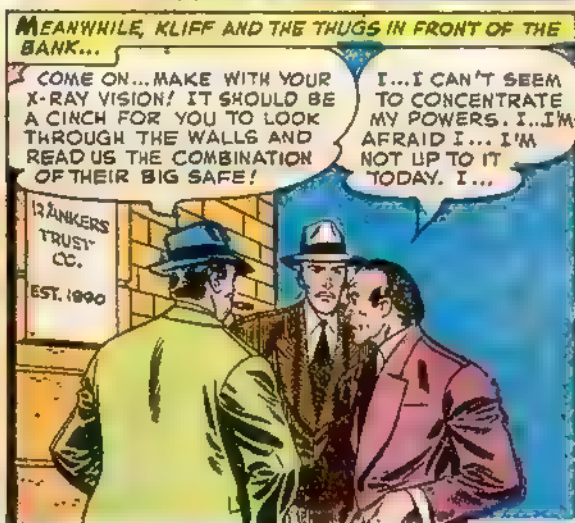
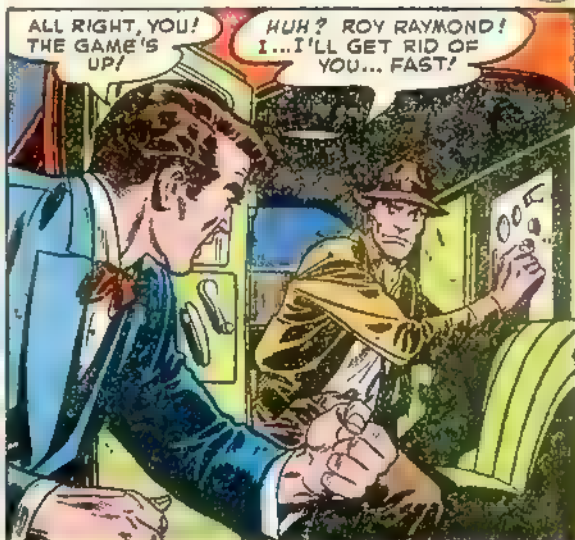
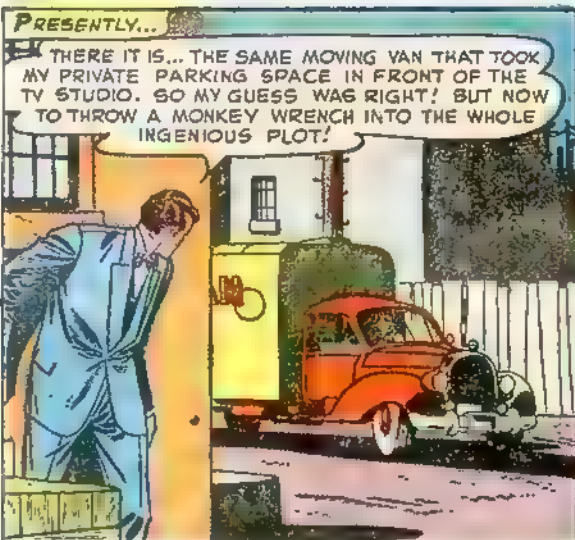
I GET IT! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE KLIFF USE HIS X-RAY VISION TO GET THE SAFE COMBINATION, SO THEY CAN ROB IT LATER!



NOT QUITE, KAREN. THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS SET-UP! AND IF I'M RIGHT, I'LL FIND THE PROOF I NEED AROUND AT THE REAR OF THAT BANK BUILDING! YOU STAY HERE! IF I'M NOT BACK IN 10 MINUTES...GET THE COPS!



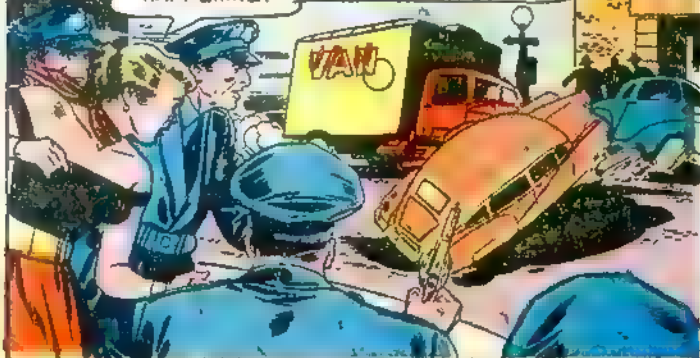






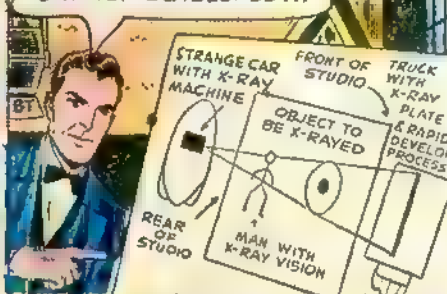
AT THAT MOMENT, KAREN, AS ROY HAD ORDERED, IS APPROACHING WITH THE POLICE ...

THAT MOVING VAN...IT...IT'S RAMMING **BOTH** CARS! AND...AND ...I DIDN'T NOTICE BEFORE, BUT THE CAR ON THE LEFT IS THE ONE DRIVEN BY KLIFF'S BODYGUARD! AND...WHY... THE MAN DRIVING THAT TRUCK ... IT'S **ROY!** I DON'T UNDERSTAND **WHAT'S** HAPPENING!



BUT THAT SAME EVENING, IN A SPECIAL BROADCAST, ROY EXPLAINS EVERYTHING...

AND KLIFF ACTUALLY DIDN'T HAVE X-RAY VISION. BUT AGTH'S DIAGRAM SHOWS, HIS BODYGUARD'S CAR, PARKED ON ONE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, CONTAINED AN X-RAY MACHINE WHOSE RAYS WERE RECEIVED ON A HUGE NEGATIVE CONCEALED IN THE TRUCK ON THE **OTHER** SIDE OF THE BUILDING. THIS, THE DRIVER SWIFTLY DEVELOPED...



THEN HE SIGNALLLED BY RADIO TO THIS LOW VOLTAGE PLATE WORN BENEATH KLIFF'S SHIRT, THE X-RAYED CONTENTS OF THE BUILDING, BY MEANS OF LOW VOLTAGE ELECTRICAL CODE, THE DRIVER INFORMED KLIFF OF EVERY OBJECT PICKED OUT BY THE X-RAY MACHINE AS IT PENETRATED THE ENTIRE BUILDING FLOOR!



BY PUBLICIZING HIS X-RAY VISION ON MY PROGRAM, KLIFF HOPED TO COLLECT A FORTUNE WORKING FOR CROOKS WHICH IS WHY I'M NOW REVEALING HIS REAL METHOD, SO IT CAN NEVER BE USED AGAIN WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



BUT FOLLOWING THE SHOW, KAREN ASKS ROY THE \$64 QUESTION...

BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT ALL OUT?

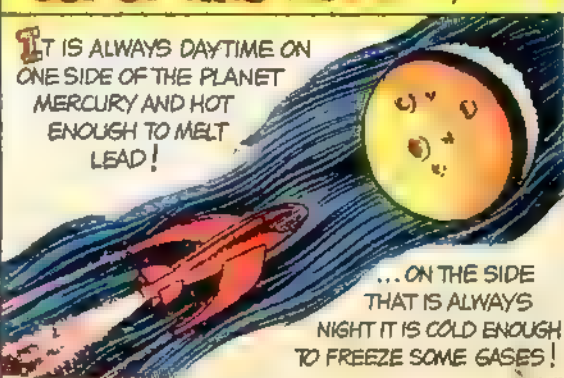
FROM YOUR PHOTOGRAPH THAT DIDN'T COME OUT. IT WAS FOGGED AS IF IT HAD BEEN EXPOSED TO X-RAYS. BUT SINCE YOU TOOK THE PICTURE OUTSIDE KLIFF'S LINE OF VISION, THE REAL X-RAY MACHINE HAD TO BE IN HIS BODYGUARD'S CAR. FROM THAT, IT WAS NATURAL TO SUSPECT THAT THE FILM WOULD BE IN THE TRUCK!



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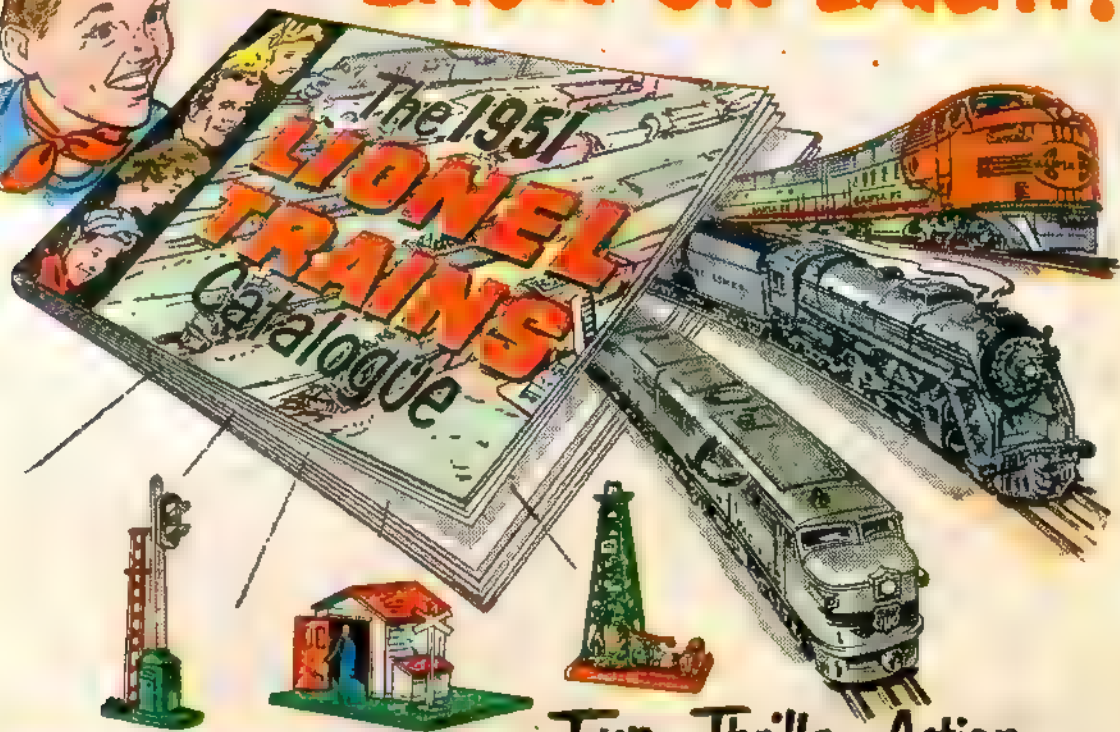


A LOT FOR A LITTLE



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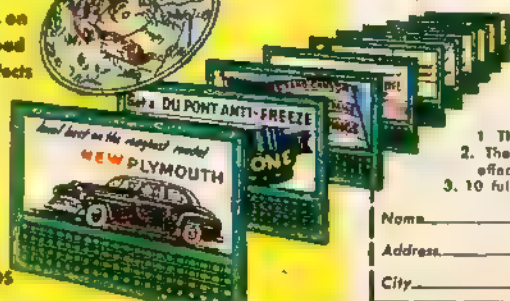
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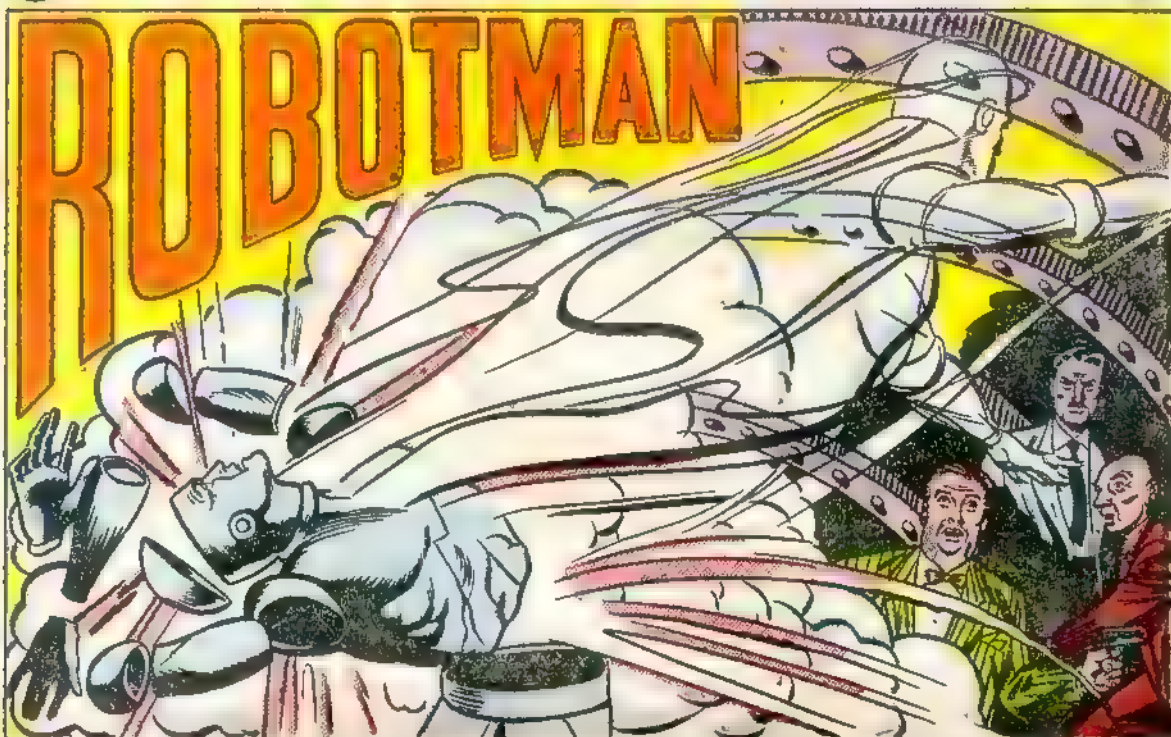
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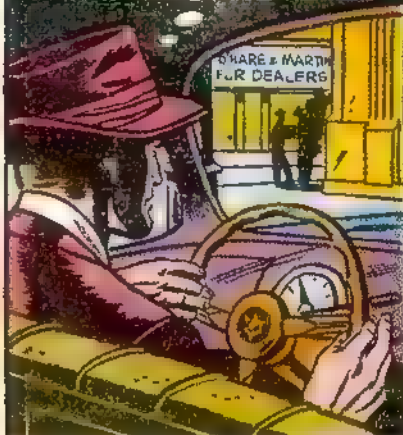


HAUNTING LIVE OUTLAWS IS OLD STUFF TO **ROBOTMAN**... BUT WHEN "LARCEKY" LATHAM RETURNS FROM A WATERY GRAVE AS THE GHOSTLY LEADER OF SUPERSTITIOUS CROOKS, THE METAL MARVEL'S BRILLIANT HUMAN BRAIN REASONS THAT IT **TAKES** A SPOOK TO **CATCH** A SPOOK ... EVEN THOUGH HIS AMAZING STEEL BODY MUST ACTUALLY BE MURDERED, TO SET THE STAGE FOR ...

## "The **ROBOT GHOST!**"

ONE NIGHT, AS PAUL DENNIS DRIVES THROUGH THE CITY'S WAREHOUSE DISTRICT...

OH, OK ... THREE FUR ROBBERS, ... AND ONE OF THEM LOOKS FAMILIAR!



SWIFTLY, PAUL SHEDS HIS PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE TO BECOME **ROBOTMAN**, THE METAL MARVEL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN!

I'D SWEAR THE THIRD MAN WAS "LARCENY" LATHAM, WHOM I SENT TO **BLACK ISLAND PRISON** LAST YEAR! BUT HE WAS KILLED RECENTLY, TRYING TO ESCAPE!



WITH **ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PLATES** IN HANDS AND FEET, HE SCALES THE STAINLESS STEEL PIERS OF THE WAREHOUSE...

LATHAM WAS SWIMMING THE **WEST RIVER** WHEN GUARDS FIRED AND SAW HIM SINK! THIS FELLOW **MUST** BE SOMEONE ELSE!





BUT MOMENTS LATER, AS **JET-PROPELLED SKATES** WHISK **ROBOTMAN** TOWARD THE FUR STORAGE VAULTS...

"HUH...? WHY, HE IS 'LARCENY' LATHAM... OR ELSE, HIS GHOST!"

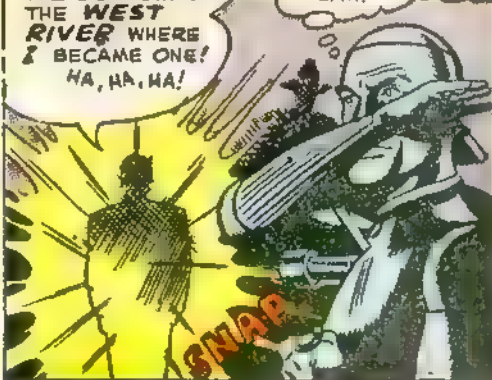
**ROBOTMAN!** YOU WERE RIGHT THE SECOND TIME... AND YOU'LL FIND ME HARDER TO CATCH THAN WHEN I WAS ALIVE!



SUDDENLY, A FLASH OF DAZZLING LIGHT, AND...

IF YOU'D LIKE TO BECOME A GHOST, TOO, MEET ME AT THE BOTTOM OF THE **WEST RIVER** WHERE I BECAME ONE!  
HA, HA, HA!

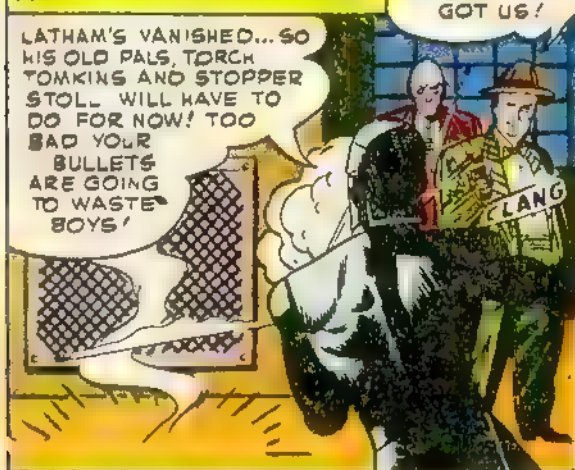
CAN'T SEE... BUT MAYBE MY SPECIAL **BUILT-IN CAMERA** CAN!



AND AS THE BRILLIANCE DIES...

LATHAM'S VANISHED... SO HIS OLD PALS, **TORCH TOMKINS** AND **STOPPER STOLL** WILL HAVE TO DO FOR NOW! TOO BAD YOUR BULLETS ARE GOING TO WASTE BOYS!

NO USE! HE'S GOT US!



ALL RIGHT, CHUMPS! WHAT HAPPENED TO LATHAM...OR WHOEVER PRETENDED TO BE HIS GHOST?

**PRETENDED?** NO ONE'S PRETENDIN', ROBOTMAN... LATHAM'S GHOST IS THE REAL MCCOY!

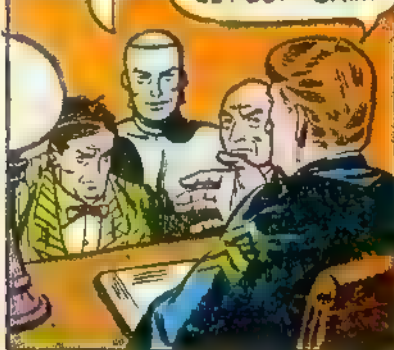
SHUT UP, TORCH! YA WANT HIM HAUNTIN' YA FOR TALKIN' TOO MUCH?



SOON AFTER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THESE BOYS ARE AFRAID OF BEING HAUNTED, SARGE! GOT A SPOOK-PROOF CELL?

WE'VE GOT ONE TIGHT ENOUGH SO THAT IF ANY SPOOKS GET IN, THEY CAN'T GET OUT AGAIN!



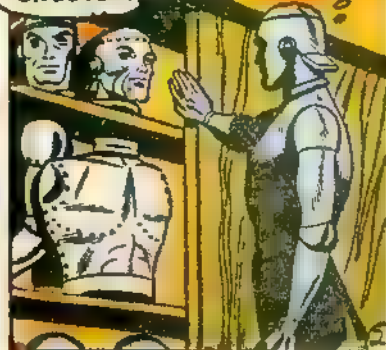
LATER, IN HIS SECRET WORK-SHOP, AS ROBOTMAN DEVELOPS THE SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM FROM HIS CHEST CAMERA...

SO LATHAM'S 'GHOST' VANISHED INTO THE VENTILATOR SHAFT... NOT INTO THIN AIR... AFTER DAZZLING ME! AND HIS INVITATION TO VISIT HIM UNDER THE RIVER SOUNDED LIKE A CHALLENGE!



THEN, FROM A 'WARDROBE' OF SPECIALIZED MECHANICAL BODIES, HE MAKES A CAREFUL SELECTION...

HHMM... THIS EARLY MODEL'S RIPE FOR THE JUNK PILE! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT I HAVE IN LIGHTWEIGHT PLASTIC FOR PLAYING WITH 'GHOSTS'...





PRESENTLY, A GRIM FIGURE STALKS THROUGH RUSTING METAL TUBES BENEATH THE **WEST RIVER**...

THIS OLD ABANDONED TUNNEL IS THE ONLY UNDERWATER PLACE I KNOW WHERE A CROOK COULD HIDE OUT! WHAT'S MORE, THERE ARE SIGNS THAT SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE RECENTLY!



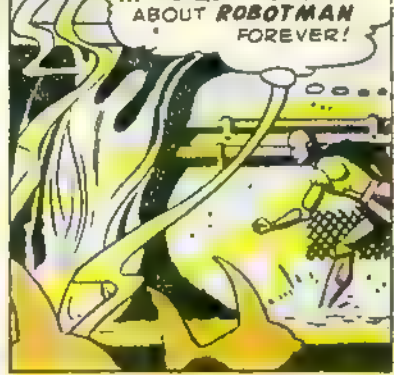
AND AHEAD, IN A CONCEALED RECESS, ANOTHER FIGURE... HALF-HUMAN, HALF-GHOSTLY... CHUCKLES SOUNDLESSLY...

SO HE **DID** TAKE MY CHALLENGE SERIOUSLY...AND HE REMEMBERED THIS TUNNEL! WHAT A SURPRISE HE'LL GET WHEN HE LEARNS I WASN'T FOOLING ABOUT TURNING HIM INTO A GHOST!



BEYOND THE LAST BULKHEAD, A SHIMMERING FORM STARTS TAUNTING THE METAL INTRUDER...

RIGHT THIS WAY, **ROBOTMAN!** HE'S IN THE TRAP! NOTHING FOR ME TO DO NOW BUT CLOSE THE BULKHEAD DOOR, SET OFF THE DYNAMITE... AND QUIT WORRYING ABOUT **ROBOTMAN** FOREVER!



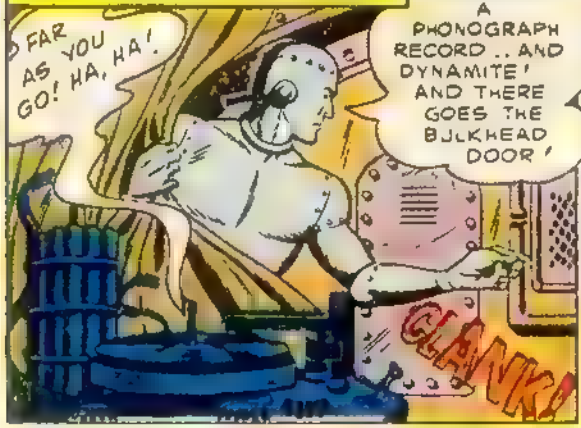
BUT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

SO FAR AS YOU GO! HA, HA!

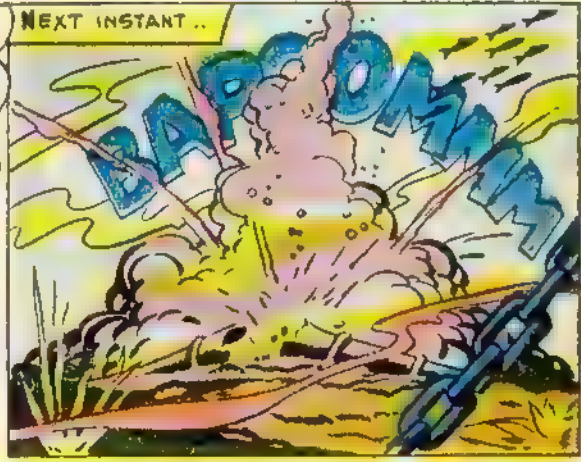
CHEESECLOTH...

A PHONOGRAPH RECORD... AND DYNAMITE! AND THERE GOES THE BULKHEAD DOOR!

CLANK!

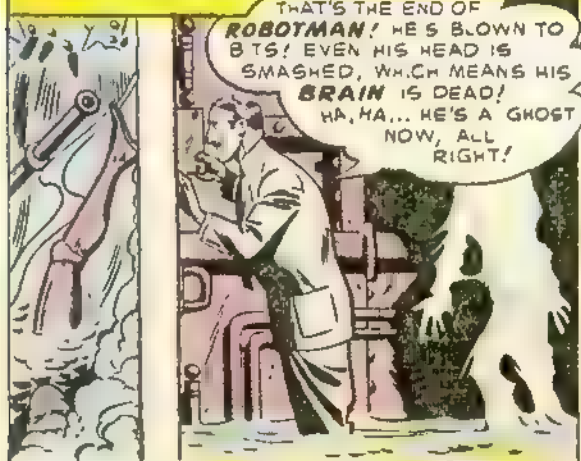


NEXT INSTANT...



THEN, AS THE SPECTRAL LATHAM INSPECTS THROUGH A GLASS PEEP HOLE...

THAT'S THE END OF **ROBOTMAN!** HE'S BLOWN TO BITS! EVEN HIS HEAD IS SMASHED, WHICH MEANS HIS BRAIN IS DEAD! HA, HA... HE'S A GHOST NOW, ALL RIGHT!



BUT A SPLIT SECOND LATER

YES...AND A BETTER-LOOKING GHOST THAN YOU, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

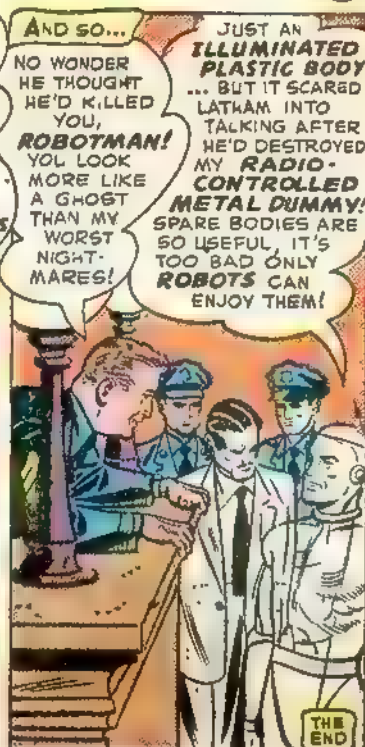
WHAT...?? YIIII! **ROBOTMAN!** AND... AND I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU!







# DETECTIVE COMICS



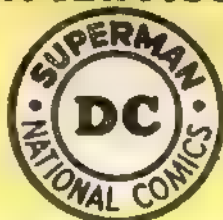
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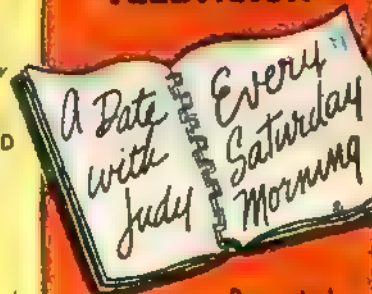
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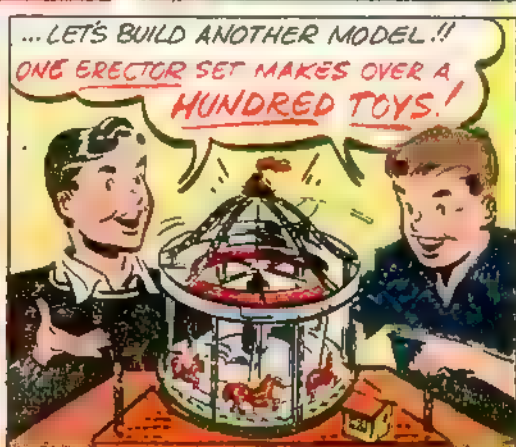
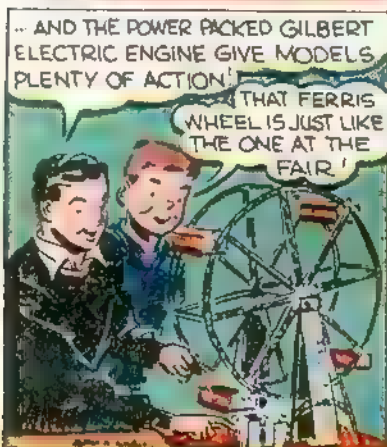
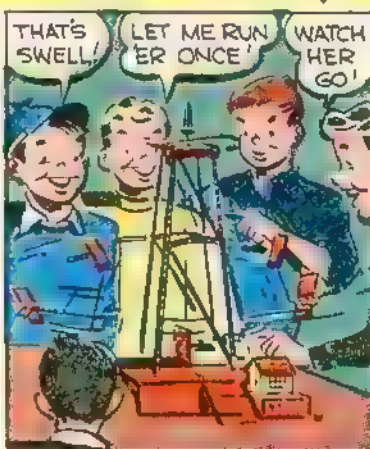
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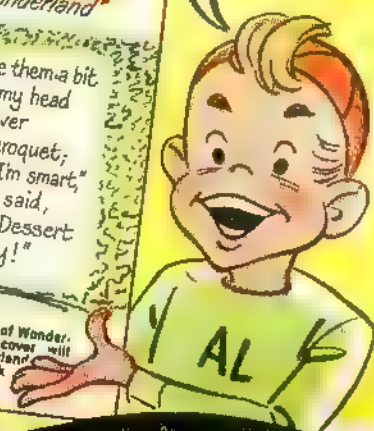
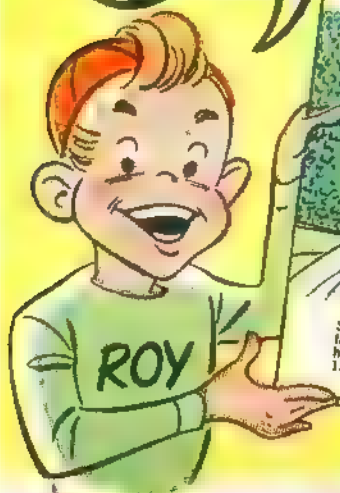
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## HOW YARDSTICKS CAUGHT CROOKS

**A** THOUGHT made the young clerk suddenly stop copying descriptions of criminals in the Police Department of Paris, France. His name was Alphonse Bertillon, he was 26 years old that year of 1879, and—though you may never have heard of him—he was on his way to becoming the world's most famous detective.

Bertillon put down his pen. He was thinking of the night courses he had taken at a medical school a few years back, and of how he had noticed that no two human bones were exactly alike. Perhaps, he thought, perhaps I can use that fact to identify criminals in disguise. . . .

He went to the Chief of Police and explained his idea. But the Chief did not like clerks who tried to tell him how to run his department. He told Bertillon that he was an imbecile and should get out of the office. Bertillon went back to his copying desk and waited for his chance.

Three years later, a new Chief of Police took over. Once again Bertillon walked through the long corridors to explain his idea. This time, however, he got a warmer reception.

"All right, Mr. Bertillon," said Mr. Camescasse, the new chief, "I'll give you a break. We'll try your system for three months. If, at the end of that time, you've caught me a criminal, we'll use it. But if you fail, you must

promise never to bother me with it again. Agreed?"

Bertillon hesitated. Three months was too short a time for a really fair test. But this was the chance he'd been waiting for, and he might never get another, so . . .

"Agreed!" he said. And he started to put his idea into practice.

Now the Bertillon system of identifying criminals is based on three principles: (1) your skeleton does not change in size after your 20th birthday; (2) no one else has bones exactly like yours; (3) all needed measurements of your bones can be taken with simple instruments.

These principles add up to the fact that each criminal has his own set of permanent measurements, by which he can be spotted as surely as if his name were tattooed on his forehead.

Bertillon then began to measure every criminal that the Paris police caught. He took eleven measurements, and divided them into three groups, as follows:

- (1) Body measurements: height, width of outstretched arms, and sitting height.
- (2) Head measurements: length, width between temples, width between cheekbones and length of right ear.
- (3) Limb measurements: length of left



foot, length of left middle finger, length of left little finger, and length of left arm and hand from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

In addition to these measurements, Bertillon took a front and a side photograph of the criminal—he was the one who started this now-famous procedure. And finally, he described very carefully anything on the body which showed a special feature—the shape of the earlobes, for example, or the color of the eyes, or scars or moles.

After all the measurements were taken, Bertillon filed them so that any particular set could be found almost immediately. Each time a criminal was caught, he would be measured and his specifications checked against others in the file which were nearly the same. If two sets were found that matched exactly, they belonged to the same man—even though his face might have been lifted or his name changed.

In this way, criminals could be positively identified, and repeaters could no longer pretend to be first offenders. This method was a great advance over the old system of long, written descriptions, which were too general and too hard to find in the files.

It was with his new system that Bertillon proposed to snare criminals. For two months in Paris he measured, photographed, filed, and compared, but not one identification did he make. Then, one dreary February afternoon in 1882, a stocky man calling himself Dupont—a name as common in France as Jones is here—walked into the office. He had been caught robbing a house. If this were his first offense—as he said—he would get off easy; if it were a second offense, he would have the book thrown at him.

Dupont was measured, and in checking through the files it was found that his measurements were exactly the same as those of a man named Martin, who had been arrested eight weeks before for burglary and had escaped

from jail. Faced with this evidence, Dupont admitted that he was really Martin. Bertillon's system had scored its first success!

As Chief of Police Camescasse had promised, the system was adopted in Paris. In his first year, Bertillon measured 7336 criminals. Even though his files were very small, he identified 49 criminals who were using aliases. The year after that, with larger files for comparison, he identified 241 crooks. Ten years after he started, Bertillon was identifying an average of two men a day.

He did some amazing work. In one case, a swollen body was fished out of the river. By means of its large head, Bertillon was able to identify it. The history of the man was learned by the police, and from this, clues which led to the capture of the murderer. Other cases were fully as magical.

The Bertillon system of identifying criminals spread all over the world. One of the first cities outside France to adopt it was Chicago. New York shortly began using it, and the file of photographs is now famous as the original Rogues' Gallery. In Washington, D. C., a world-wide clearinghouse of Bertillon measurements was set up.

But just about the time that Bertillon's system was reaching its greatest fame, word began to spread about the use of fingerprints as a means of spotting crooks. The Bertillon method began to fall into disfavor—even with its forward-looking inventor, who turned out to be the first detective to solve a case with the aid of fingerprints! The system was too complicated and hard-to-use compared to fingerprints. In a few cases, exactly similar measurements were found for different men, and the system was no good for young crooks who were still growing.

But until something better took its place, the Bertillon system served the forces of law and order wonderfully well as the first scientific method of identifying criminals.

—by Norman James



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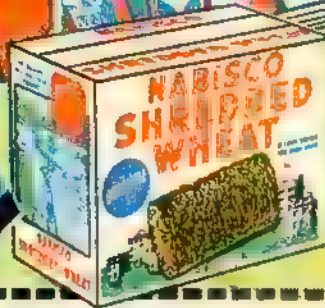
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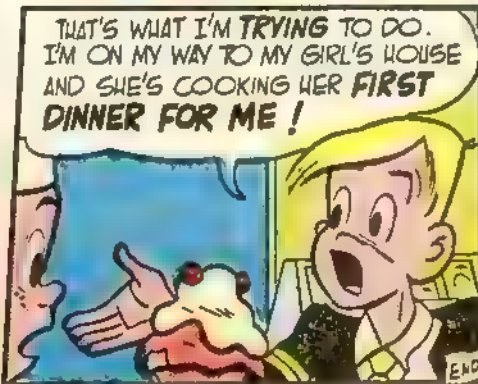
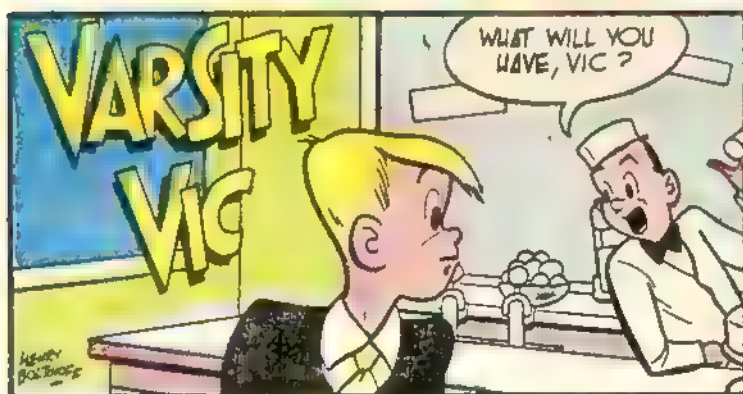
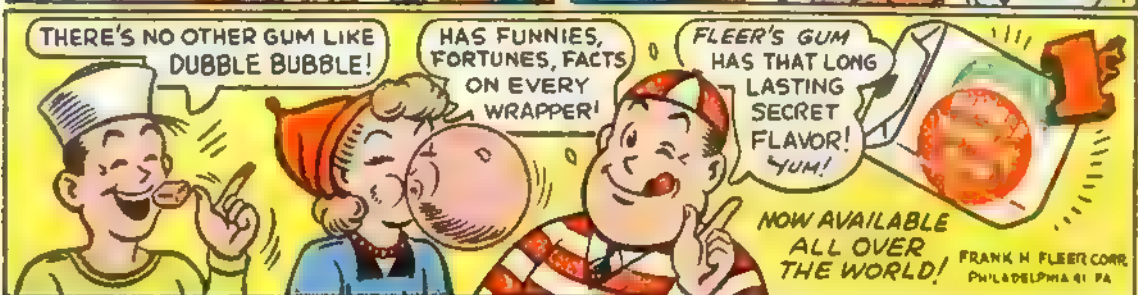
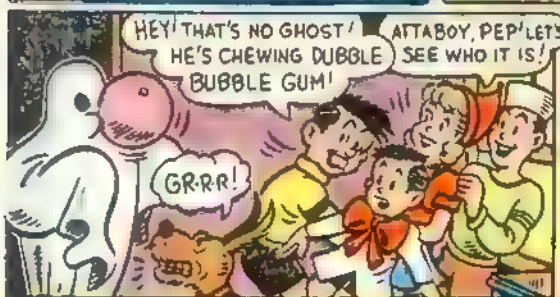
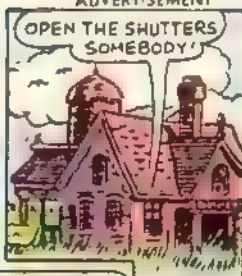
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# POW-WOW SMITH



ONE MORNING, AS SHERIFF TOM MILES REGRETFULLY TURNS DOWN AN OLD FRIEND'S REQUEST...

YORE NEPHEW FROM BOSTON'S LIKELY QUITE A YOUNGSTER, JIM -- BUT I JUST COULDN'T HIRE A **TENDERFOOT!** HE WOULDN'T LAST A WEEK AS A DEPUTY!

WELL... MAYBE LATER, THEN, WHEN HE'S HAD SOME SEASONIN'! EDDIE'S HEART'S PLUMB SET ON BEIN' A LAWMAN!



**B**ADHATS CHORTLE AND A SHERIFF WORRIES WHEN A BRASH YOUNG EASTERNEER SEEKS A DEPUTY'S BADGE -- BUT POW-WOW SMITH KNOWS THAT A LAWMAN CAN BE TOP-NOTCH NO MATTER WHERE HE COMES FROM! FOR CHARACTER AND COURAGE ARE THE ONLY TRUE MEASURE OF A FIGHTING MAN -- AS EXCITING EVENTS PROVE WHEN POW-WOW TANGLES WITH THE DESPERATE **BEARDED BANDITS**, AT THE SIDE OF...

## "The Tenderfoot Deputy!"

BUT SOMEONE'S ALWAYS PICKIN' ON A TENDER-FOOT! KEEPS ME BUSY RESCUIN' 'EM! THERE'S AN EXAMPLE, RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET!

DON'T RESCUE THAT ONE JUST YET, TOM! LET'S SEE WHAT HE DOES!



AND ACROSS THE STREET, WHERE TWO PLAYFUL CITIZENS AMUSE THEMSELVES AT THE EXPENSE OF A CITIFIED STRANGER...

HIS FOOTWORK'S RIGHT SMART, AIN'T IT, RUDY?

REAL CLEVER! I BET HE COULD DANCE PRETTY TO S'GUN MUSIC! GO ON, SONNY, KICK UP THEM NIMBLE KEELS! HAW, HAW!

BANG!

BUT ABRUPTLY...

LUCKILY, I'VE JUST FINISHED A COLLEGE COURSE IN KICKING! ONLY WE USE THE TOE, NOT THE HEEL, IN FOOT-BALL!

HEY! THAT'S NO WAY FOR A TENDER-FOOT TO ACT! LET'S LEARN HIM BETTER, HIGHBOY!

LET ME INSTRUCT YOU! HERE'S A SCIENTIFIC METHOD FOR REDUCING TROUBLESOME FIGURES TO ZERO WITHOUT BRUISING THE KNUCKLES!

GOOD FOR HIM! WHY, RUDY RANSOM AND HIGHBOY HIGGINS ARE THE TOUGHEST HOMBRES IN TOWN!

MOMENTS LATER...

SHERFF, HAVE YOU ROOM FOR A COUPLE OF PLAYBOYS IN YOUR CALABOOSE?

SHORE THING! LIKEWISE, I GOT ROOM ON MY STAFF FOR A SPRY, NERVY YOUNG FELLER O' YORE CALIBRE, IN CASE YUH'RE INTERESTED!

HE'S INTERESTED, SHERFF, THIS IS THE LAD I WAS TELLIN' YUH ABOUT--MY NEPHEW, EDDIE GRAVES!

WAAL, BRAND ME FOR A MAVERICK IF I DON'T OWE YUH BOTH AN APOLOGY! EDDIE, YUH MAY BE A TENDERFOOT, BUT I GOT A HUNCH YUH'LL TOUGHEN UP FAST!

AN' YUH CAN START BY HELPIN' DEPUTY POW-WOW SMITH, AT RED DEER VALLEY, HUNT THE BEARDED BANDITS--AN OUTLAW GANG THAT HIDES OUT THEREABOUT!

POW-WOW SMITH, THE FAMOUS INDIAN LAW-MAN? GOSH--EVER SINCE I FIRST HEARD OF HIM, BACK EAST, I'VE HOPED TO MEET HIM SOME DAY!



NEXT DAY, IN THE MOUNTAINS, AS OHYESA (THE WINNER)--WHOM THE PALEFACES CALL POW-WOW SMITH--GLIMPSES HIS QUARRY AT LAST...

TWO BEARDED RIDERS! IF THEY'RE FALSE WHISKERS, SUCH AS THE **BEARDED BANDITS** USE, THAT WILL BE EVIDENCE ENOUGH FOR AN ARREST!



INTENT ON THE APPROACHING PAIR, THE SIOUX MANHUNTER IS UNAWARE OF A STALKER BEHIND HIM--UNTIL...

WHAT--?

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL TRY TO AMBUSH INNOCENT TRAVELERS!

HUH? FEED 'EM LEAD! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!



AND AS POW-WOW DEFTLY DODGES THE SURPRISE ASSAULT...

MISSED YOU THAT TIME, BUT-- I--I'M HIT!

GOT ONE!

THAT'LL DO! LET'S RIDE!



LATER, IN A SIOUX WIGWAM, EDDIE GRAVES HAS A PAINFUL AWAKENING...

WHAT--? WHERE--? YOU!

YES, DEPUTY GRAVES--POW-WOW SMITH, AT YOUR SERVICE! I FOUND YOUR BADGE AND THE LETTER SHERIFF MILES GAVE YOU FOR ME! WELCOME TO **RED DEER VALLEY!**



FINE LAWMAN I AM! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY--SO I SNEAKED UP ON YOU--AND PROBABLY SPOILED EVERYTHING!

EVERYONE MAKES MISTAKES, EDDIE! YOU DIDN'T KNOW ME! BUT YOUR WOUNDS NOT BAD--AND WE'LL HAVE OTHER CHANCES AT THE **BEARDED BANDITS!**



BUT ALTHOUGH POW-WOW MAKES LIGHT OF THE NEAR-TRAGIC BLUNDER, EDDIE CANNOT FORGIVE HIMSELF...

YU! YU! OHYESA-- ALWAYS THE WINNER!

YES, THE WINNER-- EXCEPT WHEN A FOOL LIKE ME INTERFERES! I'VE GOT TO REDEEM MYSELF! IF I COULD JUST FIND THOSE OUTLAWS MYSELF--AND PAVE THE WAY FOR THEIR CAPTURE...



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN OHYESA HAS GONE SCOUTING, HIS TENDERFOOT ASSISTANT SLIPS AWAY FROM THE SIOUX VILLAGE...

THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW! UNLESS I FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL BE ADMITTING THAT I'M NOT FIT FOR MY NEW JOB!



HOURS OF AIMLESS RIDING ALMOST CONVINCE EDDIE THAT HIS SEARCH IS HOPELESS--WHEN, SUDDENLY...

Pistol shots--spaced, like a signal--and not far away! This may be it!

BANG-BANG!  
BANG-BANG!



AND HALF A MILE AWAY, WHERE THE SHOOTING OCCURRED...

THEM SHOTS WILL TELL THE OTHERS I'M COMIN' IN! OTHERWISE, ONE OF 'EM MIGHT GIT OWL-HOOT JITTERS AN' SHOOT ME FOR AN ENEMY!



MOMENTS LATER, THE ROAR OF FALLING WATER DROWNS OUT THE NOISE OF A GALLOPING CHARGE...

COME ON, PIZEN! GIT GOIN', 'FORE-- WHAT--??

HOLD ON, MISTER...I WANT TO TEACH YOU A LITTLE ABOUT THE FLYING TACKLE!



EASIER THAN MAKING A TOUCH-DOWN! HMM...IF THOSE WERE SIGNAL SHOTS, HIS PALS MUST BE NEARBY! WITH HIS CLOTHES AND WHISKERS--AND THE TRAINING I GOT IN THE COLLEGE DRAMA CLUB-- WHY COULDN'T I IMPERSONATE HIM?



LEAVING HIS PRISONER BOUND AND GAGGED, THE DISGUISED DEPUTY GALLOPS OFF ON THE OUTLAW'S HORSE, UNTIL...

YUH HAD US WORRED, ROURKE! HOW 'BOUT THAT PLATTE CITY BANK RAID? IF IT'S TOMORROW MORNIN', LIKE YUH SAID, WE BETTER START NOW!



GOLLY--I MUST BE THE BOSS! NOT SO GOOD!

ER...WE'RE HOLDIN' OFF A DAY! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... TOO HOT FROM RIDIN' NOW!

IF YUH'RE HOT, WHY NOT TAKE OFF THEM WHISKERS?

NAW--I'VE WORE 'EM SO MUCH, THEY FEEL NATURAL! NO WAY TO TIP OFF POW-WOW! I'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THEM ALONE--ONE BY ONE, IF I CAN MANAGE IT!





AT THAT MOMENT, LESS THAN A MILE AWAY, POW-WOW SMITH--ALSO ON THE ROBBERS' TRAIL--MAKES A PUZZLING CAPTURE...

WHOA, THERE! YOU'RE EDDIE'S HORSE--BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ALONE AND ALL SADDLED UP?



PICKETING EDDIE'S BRONC, THE RED CHAMPION OF PALEFACE JUSTICE BACKTRAILS SWIFTLY--AND READS THE SIGNS WITH MISGIVINGS...

TWO MEN FOUGHT HERE--ONE RODE AWAY--AND EDDIE'S HORSE WANDERED OFF WITHOUT A RIDER! IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD FOR EDDIE!



MOVING FURTHER ON, POW-WOW NEXT SEES...

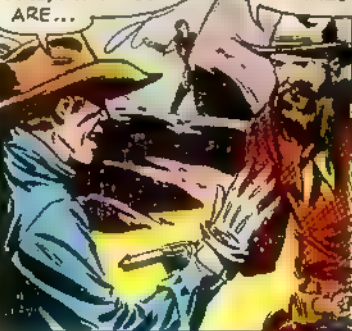
A BEARDED BANDIT, THREATENING A BEARDLESS MAN! TIME FOR THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW TO DO SOME STRETCHING!



BUT THE SIOUX SLEUTH DOESN'T REALIZE THAT *THIS* "BEARDED BANDIT" IS REALLY EDDIE, WHO HAS LEFT THE HIDEOUT WITH ONE OF THE OTHERS, AND...

HEY--WHAT'S THE GAG, ROURKE? WAIT A MINUTE...YOU AIN'T ROURKE! HIS EYES ARE, AN' YORES ARE...

SHUT UP! I'M A DEPUTY SHERIFF, AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



ABRUPTLY...

GOT HIM!

HUH? WH-WHO DID THAT?



UNDER ARREST, AM I?... HEY! RED-EYE! BROWNIE! MIKE! HURRY--WE GOT LAW TROUBLE!

EDDIE! GREAT SCOTT--I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS!



BUT ALL AT ONCE, THE ODDS PROVE TOO GREAT EVEN FOR OHYESA, THE WINNER!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU MADE A BAD MISTAKE, EDDIE! WELL, I'VE JUST MADE A WORSE ONE!

BUT IT WAS MY FAULT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SNEAKED OUT ON YOU THE WAY I DID!



NOW--WHERE'D YUH LEAVE ROURKE? TALK FAST, 'FORE WE GIT MAD AN' SALIVATE YUH!

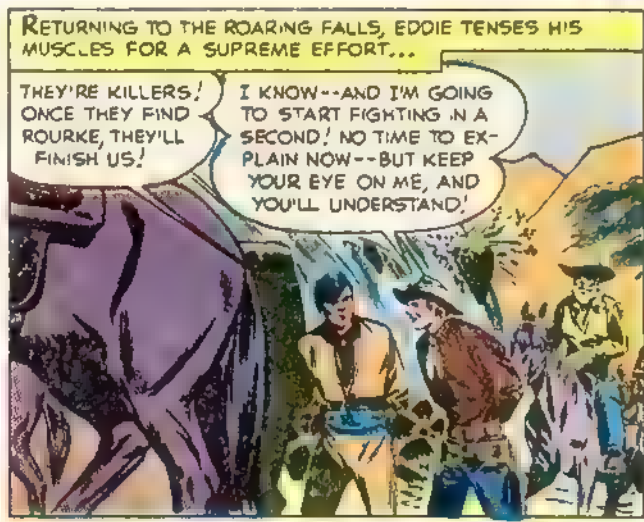
OW! ALL RIGHT--I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! TAKE ME TO THE WATERFALL, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!



RETURNING TO THE ROARING FALLS, EDDIE TENSES HIS MUSCLES FOR A SUPREME EFFORT...

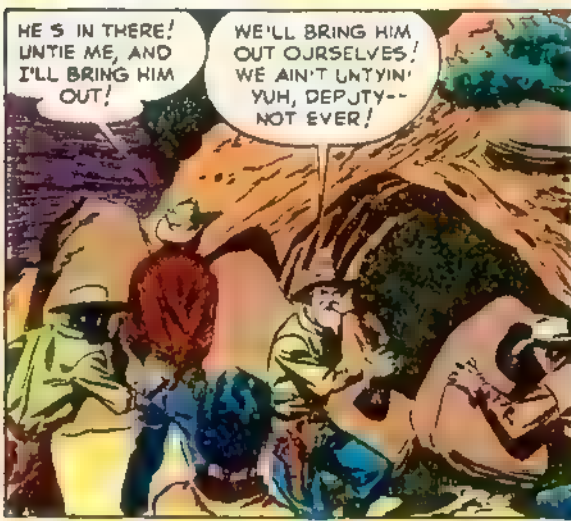
THEY'RE KILLERS! ONCE THEY FIND ROURKE, THEY'LL FINISH US!

I KNOW--AND I'M GOING TO START FIGHTING IN A SECOND! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW--BUT KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME, AND YOU'LL UNDERSTAND!



HE'S IN THERE! UNTIE ME, AND I'LL BRING HIM OUT!

WE'LL BRING HIM OUT OURSELVES! WE AIN'T UNTYIN' YUH, DEPUTY--NOT EVER!



NEXT INSTANT, AS THE BANDITS PEER CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE DARK CAVERN...

DON'T BE SCARED--GO ON IN! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

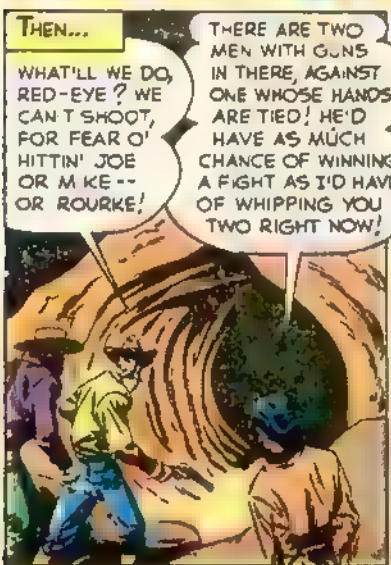
HEY! CUT IT OUT!



THEN...

WHAT'LL WE DO, RED-EYE? WE CAN'T SHOOT, FOR FEAR O' HITTIN' JOE OR M KE--OR ROURKE!

THERE ARE TWO MEN WITH GUNS IN THERE, AGAINST ONE WHOSE HANDS ARE TIED! HE'D HAVE AS MUCH CHANCE OF WINNING A FIGHT AS I'D HAVE OF WHIPPING YOU TWO RIGHT NOW!



AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING HOW MUCH CHANCE THAT IS--WHY, LET'S SEE!

POW-WOW, I'LL KILL YUH WITH MY OWN HAND FOR THAT!

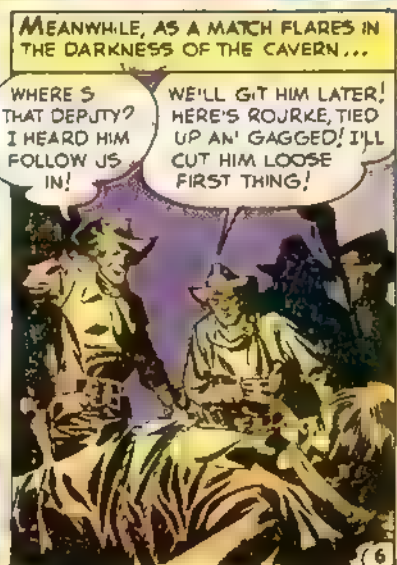
WHY NO GLOUCE!



MEANWHILE, AS A MATCH FLARES IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CAVERN...

WHERE'S THAT DEPUTY? I HEARD HIM FOLLOW US IN!

WE'LL GIT HIM LATER! HERE'S ROURKE, TIED UP AN' GAGGED! I'LL CUT HIM LOOSE FIRST THING!





BUT BEFORE THE CAPTIVE  
BANDIT CHIEF CAN BE FREED...

WHAT--?  
OW!



JUST LEAVE THE  
KNIFE HERE, WHERE  
I CAN FIND IT. IT'S  
MORE IMPORTANT  
THAT I GET JOOSE--  
AT LEAST,  
TO ME!

AND NOW--GET OUT! I  
DON'T WANT BULLETS PES-  
TERING ME WHILE I'M  
WHITTLLING THESE ROPES--  
AND I'M SURE  
YOU DON'T  
WANT ME  
PLAYING  
TRICKS ON  
YOU IN THE  
DARK!



YOW!  
HE'S A  
WILD  
MAN!

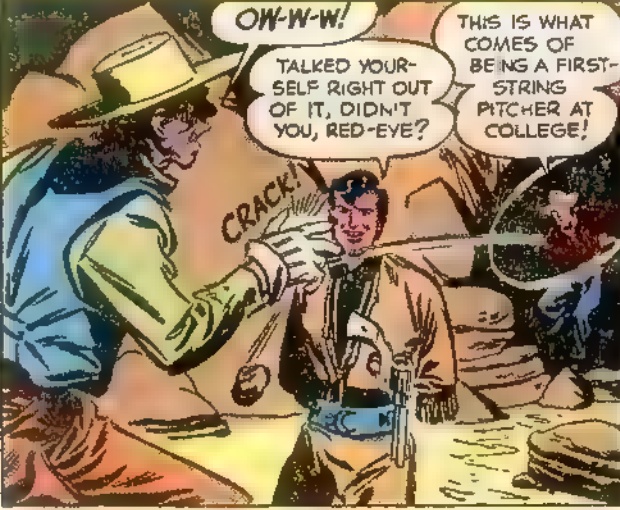
IN THE MEANTIME, POW-WOW'S FIGHT AGAINST  
OVERWHELMING ODDS HAS COME TO AN END...

I'M GOING TO ENJOY  
THIS, REDSKIN! POW-  
WOW SMITH, THE  
GREAT INJUN LAWMAN,  
IS ALL THROUGH MAKIN'  
TROUBLE FOR  
OWLHOOTERS!

DON'T TALK SO  
MUCH, RED-EYE! PLUG  
HIM! WE GOT TROUBLE  
ENOUGH WITH THAT  
OTHER HOMBRE  
IN THE CAVE!



BUT AS RED-EYE'S TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENS...



OW-W-W!

TALKED YOUR-  
SELF RIGHT OUT  
OF IT, DIDN'T  
YOU, RED-EYE?

THIS IS WHAT  
COMES OF  
BEING A FIRST-  
STRING  
PITCHER AT  
COLLEGE!

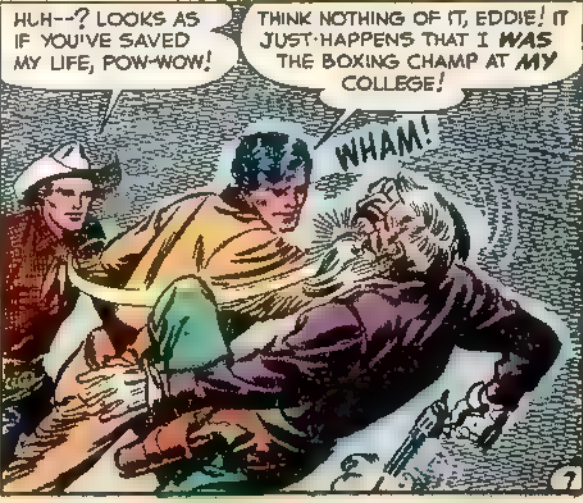
CRACK!



I'LL ADMIT I WASN'T  
THE BEST BOXER IN  
COLLEGE-- BUT I  
WASN'T BAD,  
EITHER!

HURRY! HERE  
COMES ANOTHER  
ONE!

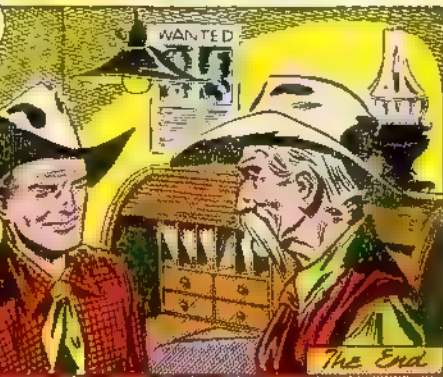
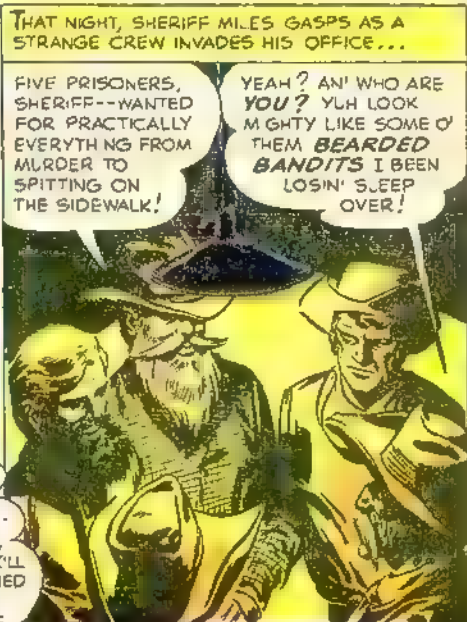
WHACK!



HUH--? LOOKS AS  
IF YOU'VE SAVED  
MY LIFE, POW-WOW!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, EDDIE! IT  
JUST HAPPENS THAT I WAS  
THE BOXING CHAMP AT MY  
COLLEGE!

WHAM!



ADVERTISEMENT

"GOO, SKIDDOO!" SAYS **BERT PARKS** TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"



**SUPER!** NEW CREAM HAIR TONIC IS **NOT** GREASY OR STICKY...YET GROOMS HAIR PERFECTLY ALL DAY!



HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW. IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

**MONEY BACK!**

Write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!



**NEW!**

**VITALIS Hair CREAM**

— by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

**SAVE MONEY!**  
49¢ SIZE  
BOTTLE LEADING  
99¢ SIZE CREAM  
ONLY (ALSO IN  
3 1/2 OZ.)



# RED HOT TIP for Santa!



Equipped 20" Wheel Motorbike,  
For Ages 5-to-7  
Similar Model in 24" Wheel Size  
Stabilizers available on 16" and 20" Wheel Sizes

## Columbia BUILT

SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

**YOU JUST COULDN'T ASK** for a bigger thrill — or a handsomer bike this Christmas!

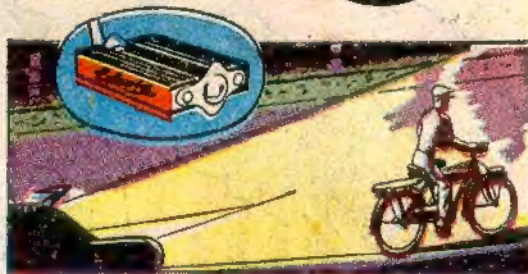
For this new Columbia Airider is, bar none, the handsomest, flashiest bike ever built, with a slick assortment of features unmatched anywhere! Look at the Streamlined Airflow Tank with the motorcycle effect . . . Columbia Floating-Action Spring Fork . . . Exclusive Full-Length Full-Protection Chain Guard . . . Patented Built-In Kick Stand . . . Deluxe Carrier with triple Stop Light, Tail Light, Reflector Combination . . . Front Wheel Hand-operated Expansion Brake as well as coaster brake . . . patented Proto-Lock and other fine features galore. And they're the safest bikes on the road!

**LET US HELP YOU GET IT!** If you want this great bicycle for Christmas let us help you "tip-off Santa Claus". Write the name of your father, mother or guardian on the coupon, and we'll send a catalog and letter saying that you want it, and telling all the reasons why it is the best and safest bike for you!

\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



**EVERY MODEL "GUARANTEED  
AS LONG AS YOU OWN IT"**



### EXTRA COLUMBIA EXTRA . . .

New, Columbia Scotchlite Pedal Flashers for safe night-time riding. Reflect bright red signal to warn approaching motorists. Simple to attach . . . fit all size pedals. Sturdy rustproof aluminum. Send 25c in coin or stamps for each set of two.

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY



The Westfield Manufacturing Company  
8412 Cycle Street,  
Westfield, Massachusetts

(Fill in below and we'll send a big color catalog and letter telling your folks why a shiny, new Columbia-Built bike is the grandest present Santa Claus could bring you! And don't forget to include 25c for each set of Pedal Flashers.)

Name  Age

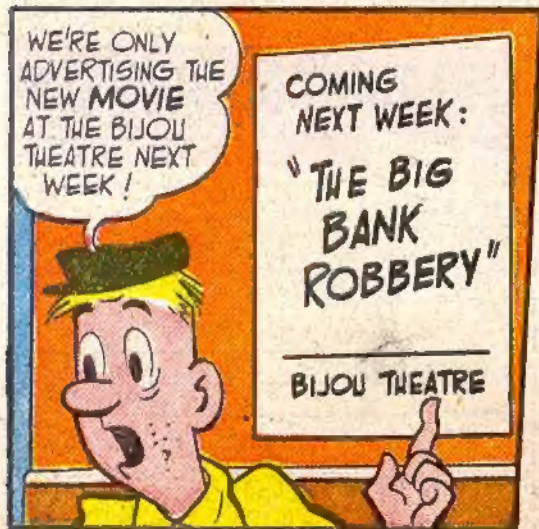
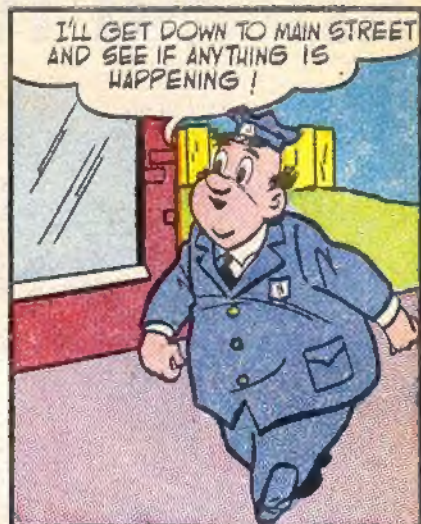
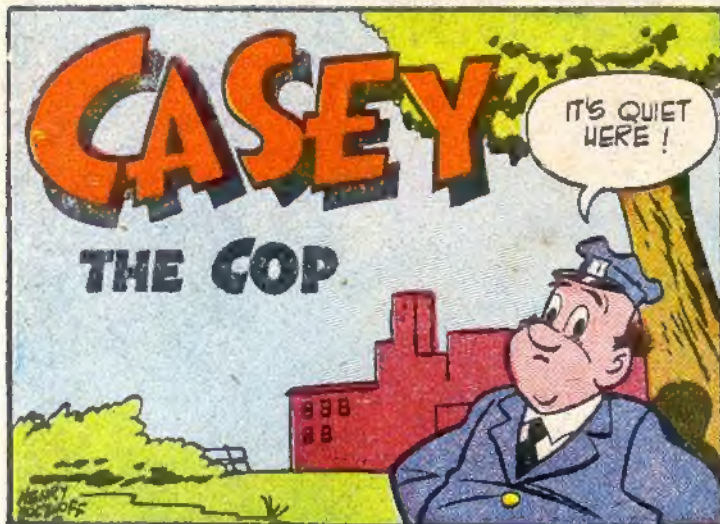
My Parent's Name

Address

Send catalog and letter only ☐

Send me ☐ pairs of Pedal Flashers at 25c a pair ☐







**SPEAKIN' OF CHRISTMAS,  
PARDNER, I'D SURE SEND FOR  
DAISY'S AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK!  
IT TELLS HOW YOU CAN JOIN  
THE NRA AS A JUNIOR MEMBER  
AN' LEARN TO SHOOT YOUR  
CHRISTMAS DAISY SAFELY  
UNDER ADULT SUPER-  
VISION. DAD WILL  
ENJOY READING IT,  
TOO!—Red Ryder**

"THAT  
GENUINE  
CARBINE BAND  
AROUND THE BARREL  
IS THE SAME STYLE  
OF BAND ON WESTERN  
CARBINES CARRIED  
BY COWBOYS!"

"GRAB THIS HUSKY,  
CURVED, FULL-LENGTH FORE-  
PIECE... IT "SHUGS" INTO YOUR  
HAND AND HOLDS THE CARBINE  
STEADY AS A  
ROCK!"

# Shoot THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, N. Y.

Here's a Christmas Gift idea your Dad will like: Get a RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE plus a junior membership in the famous National Rifle Association! This husky, improved, 1000-Shot RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only \$5.50. Or ask Dad for an NRA membership plus Daisy's big Target Outfit containing: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB'S; MANUAL. **\$7.95** COMPLETE SET only...

**SEND THE COUPON, 10¢  
AND UNUSED 3¢ STAMP,  
LITTLE BEAVER!**

**YOU BETCHUM,  
RED RYDER!  
ME DO IT NOW.  
ME WANTUM  
FACTS ON CAR-  
BINE AN' NRA!  
—Little Beaver**

## ANNOUNCEMENT to Present and Future Daisy Owners:

Ask Dad to buy you a junior membership (only 50¢) in the National Rifle Association now or when he gets your Christmas Daisy. Then you can shoot to earn official NRA medals, etc. AIR RIFLEMAN tells how to join! Mail coupon!

OFFICIAL NRA  
BRASSARD,  
CARD,  
JUNIOR RIFLE  
HANDBOOK!



"LOOKS JUST LIKE A  
REAL COWBOY CAR-  
BINE. THAT'S WHY  
I'M PROUD TO  
HAVE MY NAME,  
MY PICTURE  
AND HORSE  
'EMBOSS'ED  
ON STOCK!"

Prices subject to change without  
notice and higher Rockies, West,  
Canada. Do NOT order rifle, sub-  
mit direct—see your dealer.

**No. 111  
GUN  
ALONE  
\$5.50**

**No. 311  
Target  
Outfit  
\$7.95**

**MAIL NOW!**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. 1591, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose dime (10¢ coin) plus unused 3¢ stamp. Rush post-  
paid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA junior pro-  
gram for air rifle shooters, benefits of NRA membership PLUS  
information for parents, adults, organizations on Supervising,  
Sponsoring junior air rifle shooters.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET & NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# DAISY

*Air Rifles*

No. 25  
PUMP GUN  
\$7.50

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1591, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U.S.A.



AMERICA'S FAVORITE WRITING FLUID

SHEAFFER'S

**Skip!**

**MAKES ANY PEN WRITE BETTER!**

NEVER CLOTS OR CLOGS - ALWAYS  
FLOWS SMOOTHLY, EVENLY!  
TESTS PROVE SKIP FINEST,  
SAFEST WRITING FLUID  
IN THE WORLD!

EXCLUSIVE  
TOP WELL  
BOTTLE

FOR CLEAN,  
EASY FILLING  
UNTIL THE  
VERY LAST  
DROP IS  
USED!

BEST KNOWN NAME  
IN WRITING FLUID

*Still*

2 oz. 15¢

4 oz. 25¢



MAGIC CIRCLE  
CAP - NO "FREEZING" TO  
BOTTLE TOP - NO STICKY,  
MESSY RIM!



PERMANENT OR  
WASHABLE

12  
BRILLIANT  
COLORS



SHEAFFER'S **Skip**

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING WRITING FLUID!